

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



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JOHN A. COOPER, Editor

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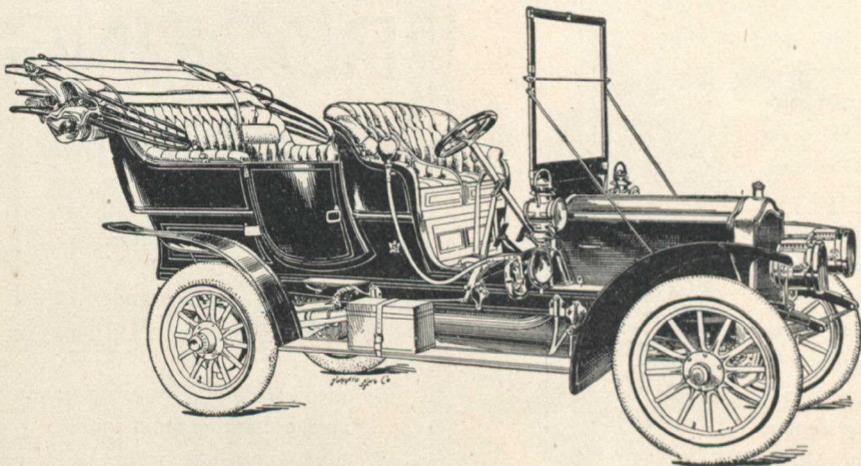
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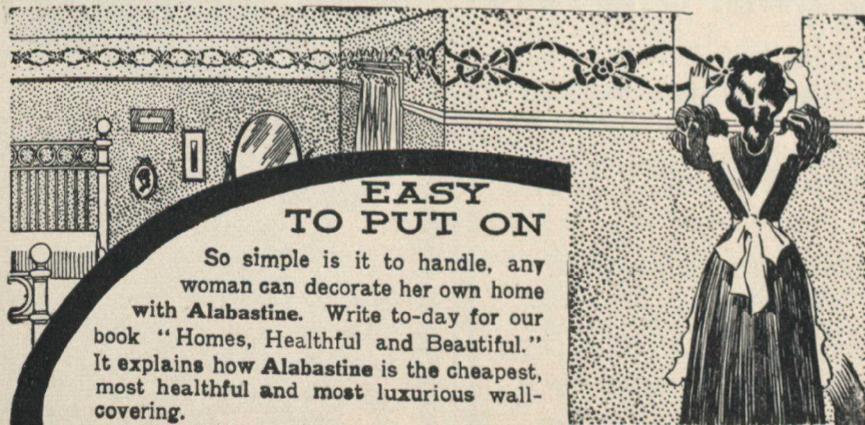
TORONTO JUNCTION, CANADA Limited

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BOTHA AND LAURIER.

Will the Canadian Premier Accept the Invitation to Transvaal?

General Botha, Premier of the Transvaal, has invited Sir Wilfrid Laurier to visit South Africa. Of course, it is questionable as yet whether or not he will be able to accept the invitation, but it is certain if he goes that he will receive from all sections of the populace a cordial and unaffected welcome. It is very interesting to note how the name of this country abroad has grown in the past few years. The general trade has been greatly improved through this increase of knowledge, particularly in sister colonies like South Africa. For example, some months ago the people of Barkly East desired to do honor to Mr R. C. Lloyd, who had occupied with distinguished success the position of Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate for three years. Accordingly they presented him with a congratulatory address, and an eighty-guinea piano, which they ordered from Canada. The instrument was a Gourlay, made by Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming of Toronto. The following presentation plate was engraved and attached to the instrument: "Presented to R. C. Lloyd, Esq., Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate, by the citizens of Barkly East town and district, on his promotion to Barkly West." Barkly West is about fourteen miles from Kimberley, and the piano was three months on the journey. Here is what the recipient says about the instrument: "Some four months have elapsed since we received the Gourlay piano which was shipped to us last July. After three months' travelling and some very rough handling in this country, the piano was found to be in perfect order. The instrument has now stood the test of a very hot summer, which has had no effect upon it in any way whatsoever. In appearance and finish, in tone and mechanism, your piano leaves nothing to be desired, and I can safely say that I do not know of any other make of piano (and I have seen some very good ones) to equal the one that you have sent to me. All friends and others who have seen it pronounce it to be in every respect better than anything they have previously seen." Evidently Sir Wilfrid Laurier could not be received better than the Gourlay piano is.



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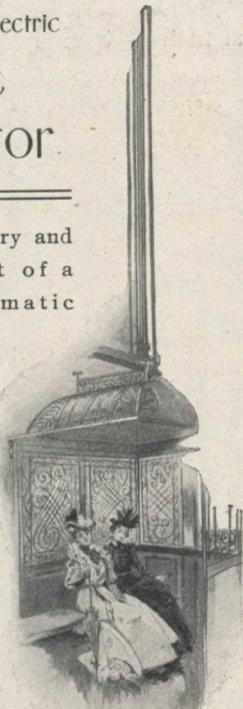
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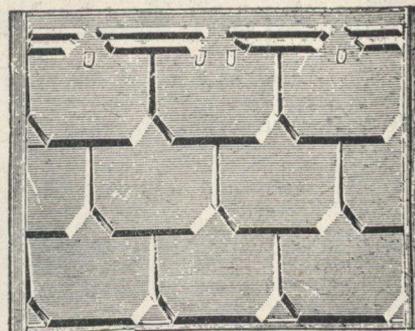
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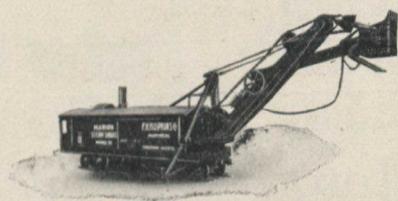


requires no present introduction. From the time it was ORIGINALLY put on the market it easily led, so far as a Malt beverage was concerned, in the estimation of the connoisseurs. This lead it still holds, by reason of the fact that the utmost care is exercised in the selection of the several ingredients that enter into

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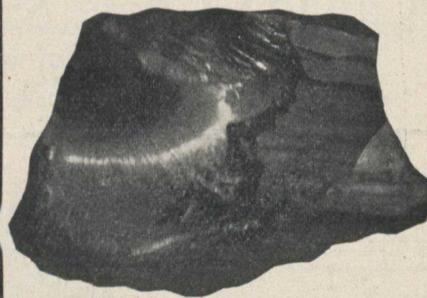
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The
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A National Weekly

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81 Victoria Street - TORONTO

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Editor's Talk

THIS WEEK it is the Toronto Horse Show, next week it is the Montreal Horse Show and the Toronto Horse Races. The horse is certainly occupying much of the public's attention. We are trying not to devote too much attention to these pleasures of life, but they demand some.

There are subjects of more importance, though perhaps of less general interest. The great fight being made by the Post Office to control its own mail bags is important. The attitude of the country towards the Empire is even more important. Our future canal policy is pressing for discussion. These and other topics are considered in this issue and will be in future issues because they are national.

We are endeavoring to avoid the local, keeping our minds fixed on those questions which affect all the provinces. There are plenty of able local journals to discuss local subjects. We have called ourselves to a broader, though perhaps no higher, task, and we know that our reward will be in proportion to our achievements along these lines.

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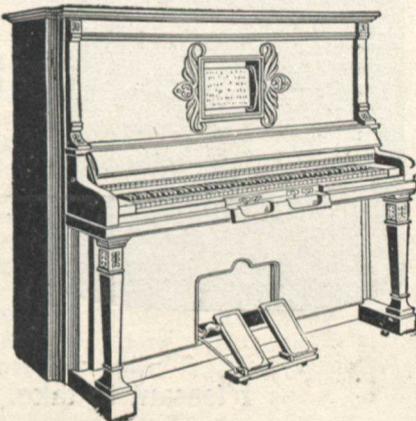
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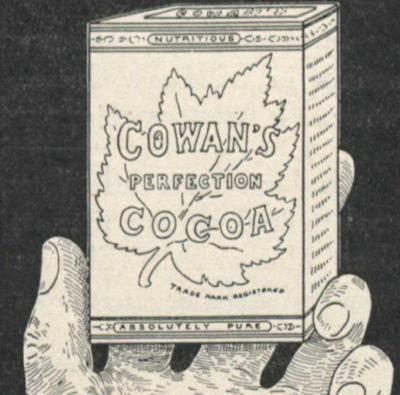
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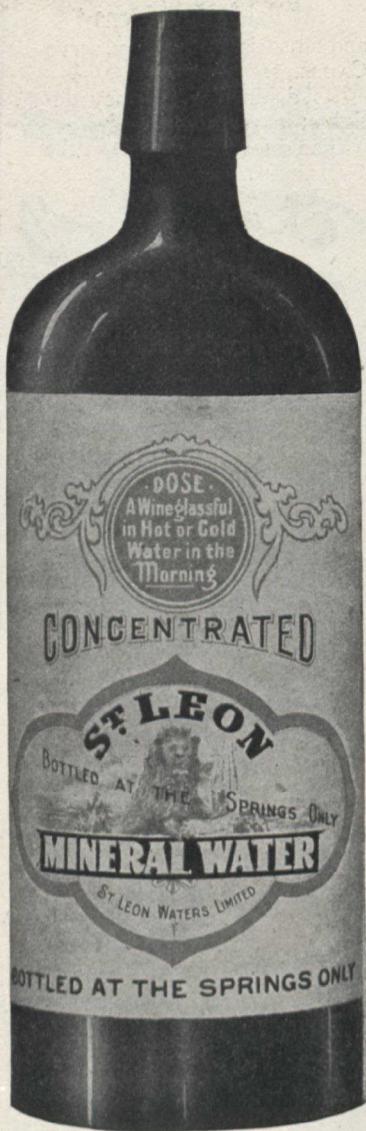
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TELEGRAPH ORDERS HAVE IMMEDIATE ATTENTION
CITY DELIVERY DAY AND NIGHT

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

Subscription: \$2.50 a Year.

Vol. I

Toronto, May 11th, 1907

No. 24

Topics of the Day

WHEN the Ross Rifle was about to be issued to the Canadian Militia, it was tested by a committee of experts and found satisfactory. When it got into the hands of those who were to use it, the verdict was contradictory. Finally one or two courageous officers got up and announced that it had several weaknesses. Sir Frederick Borden was deeply pained to make the discovery, and quite properly so. It is surprising, however, that his own sense of fitness did not arouse his suspicions. There were many things in connection with the whole transaction which might have led him to greater alertness. One might use stronger language, but this will do for the present.

After the recent discussion in Parliament and further investigation, it has been decided to call in the Ross Rifles that have been issued and remodel them. The old Lee-Enfields and the old Winchesters are being sent out again to the R.N.W.M. Police. Canada's first experiment in making her own rifles has been a failure. A great deal of money has been lost—by the people. Other results may follow.

* * *

Negotiations between the Western miners and the operators continued all last week. An agreement was reached and submitted to a referendum of the men. It increased wages somewhat and was to a considerable extent a victory for the working-man. It was also a victory for the indefatigable and industrious Deputy-Minister of Labour. The result of the referendum was a majority of favourable votes, and it only remained for the leaders on both sides to sign the document.

The public interest is not in the details, but in the result. So long as coal is forthcoming they care little what wages are received by the men or what dividends are earned by the operators. They want coal and want the business of the country to go on smoothly and without interruption. In this they exhibit the general foolishness of the public. It does not realise how much depends upon the discussion of the question of ownership of coal mines and the proper system of government control of the production and distribution of public necessities. It does not realise that in time of industrial peace the consumer should prepare for war. Indifference on the part of the people is fatal to the general welfare.

* * *

The Sovereign Bank has been reorganised. It has a new president and a new general manager. Mr. Stewart is to go abroad to recuperate. The newspapers have showed marked constraint in discussing details so as not to alarm the public. There probably was nothing really alarming, but a bank does not change its president and its general manager without a reason.

The Sovereign Bank has a record of progress unequalled. No other bank ever rose to such prominence so quickly. Mr. Stewart introduced methods which were unusual, but which brought him quick returns. For this he must be praised. In the rush of investing several millions of dollars, and in tens of thousands of accounts, there may have been some errors of judgment. It is likely that there were. Every banker makes them. Nevertheless, the record which Mr. Stewart made stands to his credit, and a change of ownership in the bank can scarcely take that away from him. The new officers are tried men, and will undoubtedly add to the prestige of the institution.

* * *

It looks as if speculation in Western lands is likely to become less popular this year. For five years it has been most profitable, and the prices have in many cases gone beyond all reason. Land in Edmonton is selling higher than in Toronto. The former has 11,000 inhabitants; the latter 300,000. A recession is due. The banks will

arrest the progress by refusing to lend any more money, and the West was never so short of capital, in comparison to its needs, as it is to-day. Unless all signs fail, Western lands will be cheaper in many cases two years from to-day than at the present moment.

A smart young man went up to a Western town recently and started buying and selling lots, dealing only with real estate agents. He wandered backward and forward among them, selling a lot here, buying one there. Like the gypsy, he always got something to "boot." In a few weeks, he cleaned up ten thousand dollars and headed back to the East. He played with the fire, but managed to get away before he was burned.

Not that the West will stop its progress, of course—only speculation will be hampered. Genuine expansion and development will proceed as usual. The high prices of to-day simply mean that the future is being heavily discounted.

* * *

Sydney, Nova Scotia, is excited over the proposed test of that port as a point for the landing of mails from Europe. On May 10th, the Virginian outward bound will receive her mails from a tender running out from Sydney. On May 15th, the Victorian, inward bound, will deliver the British mails to a tender running in to Sydney, when fast trains will rush it forward to Montreal. The experiment will be watched with interest. If Sydney displaces Rimouski for early spring and late fall mail deliveries, it will be a decidedly interesting achievement. Of course, when the boats travel via Belle Isle, there will be no chance of Sydney being a factor in the postal game.

* * *

The Montreal Canine Association, which holds its show on May 15th, 16th and 17th, has a great list of honorary patrons. These include His Excellency Earl Grey, His Honour Sir Louis Jette, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Lord Strathcona and His Worship Mayor Ekers. Mr. W. C. Tinley is honorary president and there are seven honorary vice-presidents. The interest in the "dog" in Montreal seems to be pretty well spread over all classes of the community.

* * *

The Manufacturers Life, which has now grown to be a very large organisation, is losing its present manager. Mr. Junkin has done well for his company and incidentally has amassed enough to keep him comfortable without the strenuous work which is involved in the management of such an important institution.

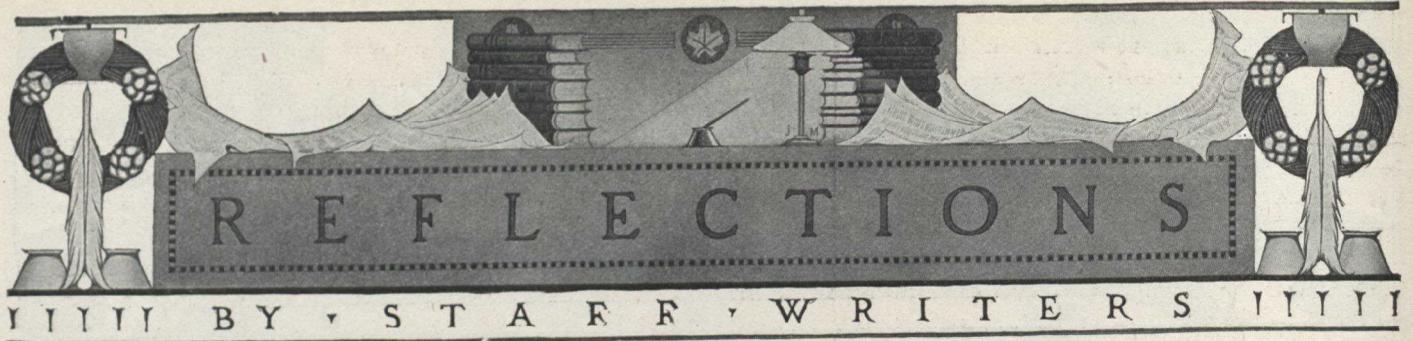
* * *

The Sterling Bank has just closed its first year and seems to have done remarkably well. It has gathered into its service some able and capable men, and should in time reach the first rank of the banking company.



The Rideau River in Flood.

Photograph of the Main Street in Janeville, near Ottawa, by Eugene Ryan



REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS

THE train despatcher is a man on whose vigilance depends the safety of many people. He has his times of trial and tribulation. Occasionally he is the leading figure in a tragedy. Not long ago, a despatcher in Toronto was controlling trains on a line in a certain district, when it occurred to him that a "special" freight had not been reported for some time. It should have been at a certain station. He touched his ticker and asked the stationmaster if it was there. The answer came back, "Just pulled out." He replied "Can you stop it?" Quickly he heard "No." He cut off and called the station to which it was heading. "Has No. 4 left?" No. 4 was a passenger train heading the other way. "Just pulled out" flashed back. The operator sat back and grew pale. The two trains were destined to meet and it was too late to prevent it. There was nothing to do but call up the company's doctor and order out the wrecking train, which he did four minutes before the wreck occurred.

Many will recall the famous Wanstead tragedy between London and Sarnia a few years ago, when the Grand Trunk despatcher at London tried in vain to call the operator of a certain office to stop a train which was rushing on to destruction in a similar manner. In that case the despatcher was to blame; in the case recited above, the train crew of the freight were at fault.

A somewhat similar case occurred recently at Myrtle, between Toronto and Montreal on the Canadian Pacific. Two trains were to cross at this little station and both had orders to that effect. The eastbound train ran in to Myrtle and the engineer saw another train on the siding. He supposed it was the westbound train, and when he got the signal from his conductor to go ahead he went without suspicion. He did not know until it was too late that the train he saw there was a third train and not the one he was ordered to cross. Just after the train pulled out, the station-agent saw that a mistake had been made. He got his velocipede and tried to catch the train. He could not do it. The collision occurred and lives were lost.

One must have great sympathy with these hard-worked men, even when one cannot justify their carelessness. All railways are working hard to perfect their system of despatching in order that such accidents as these may be avoided. The best system will fail, however, if the trainmen, operators and despatchers are not strictly accurate in their obedience.

SINCE 1867 Canada has spent approximately \$90,000,000 on its canal system. Eight-tenths of this sum has been expended on the route from Lake Superior to the seaboard by way of the St. Lawrence. Yet with

A NATIONAL CANAL POLICY

all this expenditure the canal system has fallen short of anticipations in attracting traffic. One great difficulty has been that the improvements in the canal system have not kept pace with the improvements in lake shipping. The lake vessels have been lengthened and deepened: the Welland canal with locks 270 feet in length and 14 feet in depth limits the efficiency of the through route.

Now it is being proposed by some that the Welland

Canal should be lengthened and deepened so as to permit the movement of the vessels from the upper lakes. Others propose that the improvement should be concerned simply with lessening the lighterage charges. In either case there should first be considered the price to be paid and the returns to be obtained. And along with this should be remembered that, since the government has adopted the principle of toll-free canals, this means an increase in expenditure without the direct increase in revenue. If, as has been urged, the improvements, whatever their scope, are to be concerned with the Welland Canal alone, leaving the portion of the route from Prescott down as it is at present, then the improvements would simply mean the deflection of more traffic to the seaboard of the United States since the lake vessels would be able to proceed to Ogdensburg either without breaking bulk or with smaller charges for lighterage. Already the shipments by way of Ogdensburg equal three-fourths of the tonnage carried down the canals to Montreal.

But it is not only the cost to the government that must be considered. The settlement of the Canadian West in connection with the earlier settlement of the North Western States makes the Welland Canal route of less importance than formerly. As settlement and grain production move west and north, the importance of direct lines of communication eastward from the upper lakes becomes more manifest. At present the railway lines from Georgian Bay ports have advantages in this respect. During 1906, 21.5 per cent. of the grain shipped from the head of Lake Superior went by vessel to points east of the Welland canal; while the rail shipments from Georgian Bay and other Canadian ports was 39 per cent. The railways have been improving their facilities, while the canal system below the upper lakes has remained practically constant. In addition, the railways have an advantage in point of time as compared with the long detour by way of the lower lakes.

Shall we then build the Georgian Bay Canal, taking advantage of a northern water route and saving 400 miles in the water journey to Montreal? But if this route is successfully opened it will increase the disadvantage under which the Welland canal route at present labours. It would be manifestly futile to build the Georgian Bay Canal and then improve the Welland Canal to offset this increased competition. Which shall be carried through? What is needed is a national policy, not opportunism concerned with expenditures proportioned to the urgency of local demand.

Too often Canada has generously devoted large sums for enterprises which time has shown to be crudely conceived. Expensive canals should not be undertaken except after the strictest and most thorough investigation.

IS Judge Taft acting as a stalking-horse for Theodore Roosevelt? It is true that in November, 1904, on the evening of his election as President, Mr. Roosevelt announced with all circumstantiality his determination to make this his last term. But the indications are that in the North, at least, there is going on a reorganisation of political parties. The "Roosevelt Democrat" is to be found on every hand. Usually a prosperous citizen who possesses conservative interests, the

Roosevelt Democrat now has no hesitancy about announcing his determination to assist the President if he shall revise his decision in respect of another candidature.

The Democratic party in national affairs exists only in name. The Southerners persist in holding that they are the only genuine survivors of the original Democracy. Northern Democrats, they say, are political heretics whose once true faith has become honeycombed and distorted with socialism, anarchism, trades-unionism and, in the West, Populism. As to the latter count of the indictment, proof seems to be wanting. The West is pretty thoroughly Republican now. Bryan did much to kill populism; prosperity did more.

The truth is that the Democratic party sustained its most smashing blow when Grover Cleveland was elected in 1892. Hard times were in sight, and the most acute members of the party hoped for Cleveland's defeat, clearly seeing that hard times during the second Democratic administration since the Civil War would set the party back many years. These prophecies were amply borne out by events. Then came Bryan, the quite possible exponent of an impossible propaganda. To-day the Democrats are in more evil case than they were ten years ago. To add to their woes, the 20,000 Socialist and Anarchist processionists who paraded last Sunday to show sympathy with the men charged with the murder of the ex-Governor of Idaho, proceeded to hiss and revile the name of Roosevelt. How many pro-Roosevelt Democrats this action will make, nobody can guess. The great rural and semi-urban population of the United States—it is seventy per cent. of the whole—hates Anarchism and Socialism, too. Many a thousand voters of Democratic proclivities will begin to love Roosevelt for the enemies he makes. With a solid Republican party and a great auxiliary army of discontented Democrats, Theodore Roosevelt clearly can be the next President if he so desires. In that case, Mr. Taft would make a useful Vice-President candidate.

ABOUT thirteen years ago, half the population of Canada was engaged in reading or demanding "Beside The Bonnie Brier Bush." It made an irresistible appeal to Scottish-Canadians, of whom there is a great host; but it had also the qualities which make a literary work of general significance and sympathy. Those who bought the book, knowing no-

THE CREATOR OF
DRUMTOCHTY

thing of the author, enjoyed a rare satisfaction before they reached the pathetic close of "A Lad o' Pairts," while the simple yet heroic passing of the doctor of the old school left most readers "teary round the lashes." The writer of these sketches found himself famous, and a lecture tour in America was an inevitable consequence of his kudos and royalties. In the autumn of 1895, Rev. John Watson, or "Ian Maclaren," as most people called him, was warmly welcomed by Canadian audiences who found him an interesting if not an inspired speaker. In Cooke's Church, Toronto, on his second visit he defended himself as an idealist, declaring that he had chosen to depict the best side of human nature rather than the worst, because he believed the nobler elements are stronger than the debasing. He said with a vigorous outburst: "A fine picture in your drawing-room is more real than the ash barrel. I am not going to portray the garbage heaps of humanity." Ian Maclaren was a great preacher and a man of many books. But he will be remembered by those homely tender sketches which first won public favour and which, alas, have been so frequently and so feebly imitated. His death in Iowa this week has an element of the sadly unexpected. If ever a Scot would have wished to die near the hills or glens of home, it was the author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

Both in his theological outlook and his literary aims, Dr. Watson was essentially modern. When it was suggested that by cutting and changing his first volume and uniting it with scraps of "Kate Carnegie" a good play might be produced, he cheerfully submitted his brain children to the operation. The result was financially most satisfactory, although his earliest admirers hardly relished the transformation of certain characters. In literary grace he is below James M. Barrie, but he makes a far more general appeal than does the artist of "Thrums."

"Kate Carnegie" is not so famous as his earlier novel, but it has a Canadian interest in that it was the first serial published in "The Canadian Magazine," then struggling over the line to permanency. The then editor attributes a great deal of the rise in popularity of that periodical to the luck he had in securing that story. It was not a great story, but its author was in the public eye. The price paid for the Canadian rights was large, but the "Magazine" people have never had any regrets.

The Weakness of Canadian Patriotism.

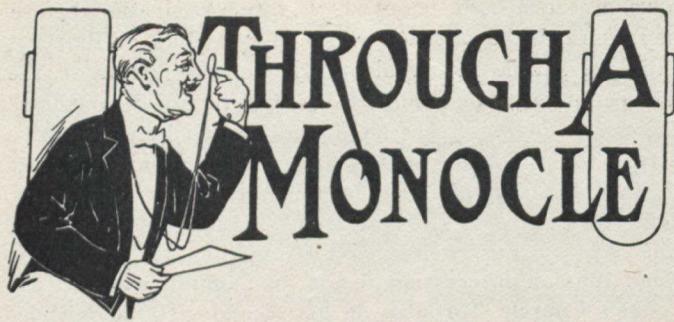
THAT the patriotism of the editors of our smaller newspapers is a rather weak and fragile thing, has been amply proven during the past few weeks. A higher postage on newspapers mailed across the border has been arranged by the United States and Canadian Governments. Whereupon the Canadian editors, with few exceptions, have snapped their jaws in rage. Many of the publishers of country weeklies, on whom it will impose a loss of a few dollars per annum, have published long editorials to show that the new regulations are vexatious and ill-advised. They entirely overlook the fact that these were devised to place United States and British publications on a parity in this market. They overlook the fact that the rate set by the International Postal Union for such exchange is eight cents a pound, whereas the new rate between the two countries is only four cents. They overlook also the great expense which the Canadian post office has borne for years in carrying vast quantities of United States printed matter without receiving the slightest revenue.

It is too often the way. When it touches our own pockets, we "raise a holler." Patriotism is a splendid thing for political speeches, high school debates and newspaper editorials; but when it gets down to paying a few cents every year for the general welfare, most of us hesitate. It is really pathetic to see the little newspaper publishers of the country shedding large tears over this matter.

To the credit of the Canadian Press Association, let it be said, that the Executive thereof met last Friday and approved the principle of the reform, though regretting that it came into force in the middle of the subscription year. This is an attitude which seems reasonable and not unpatriotic.

If Canada's artists, writers and journalists are to grow in number and strength, they must have at least the same "protection" as those of Great Britain, which is a free-trade country. Even under the new arrangement they will have but one-half the protection accorded to British producers of this character. United States periodicals and newspapers can still be mailed to Canada at one-half the rate at which they are mailed to Great Britain.

The Canadian public are charged eight cents a pound on papers mailed by them to their friends in the United States; the Canadian publishers may mail at four cents. Is this not "adequate" discrimination? Is not a fifty per cent. reduction sufficient for these patriotic gentlemen?



MR. WILLISON has been renewing his youth by shying a few bricks at the Senate. That was one of his favourite boyish occupations, as those will remember who got to know him first as the prose-poet of "the hired man" and the jester-in-chief to the Liberal Opposition at Ottawa. When he first went down to the Capital, he could never visit the Senate without laughing right out in church; and he persuaded even the serious "Globe" to let him tell the joke in its columns. He finally got the people laughing at this Home for Political Incurables, and had not a little to do with the education of the Liberal party on the subject which resulted in the adoption of the "reform the Senate" plank in the Ottawa platform. As he grew older himself, however, he seemed to gain some respect for the Old Man's Home; and there were those who fancied that he might at last come to the conclusion that there was more than a joke to be got out of the Upper House. But rumour has it that he put the proffered "lotus" from him a few years ago, and chose rather the arduous and exciting path of independent journalism; and now, at all events, he is trying his aim once more at the rusty Plug Hat of Confederation.

* * *

It is not at all likely however that Mr. Willison will dislodge the Senate. The politicians are too fond of their House of Refuge. When politicians, as politicians, like a thing, it bears a charmed life. Let the men on both sides of the House of Commons agree in desiring anything under the sun—even if it be under the world also, to use a classic figure—and the chances are a million to one that they will get it and keep it. The people are a poor thing when weighed against the united politicians. They are like a man who should try and lift up the measuring rod of a pair of scales by standing upon platform—after the connection between the two had been broken. Our dual party system is constructed on the principle of a pair of scales. The one party balances the other; and the people decide which shall be uppermost. But if the scales are broken, as they are in effect when the two parties refuse to balance each other, then the people can pile upon the weighing platform as unanimously as they like, but they will not stir the measuring rod.

* * *

The politicians on both sides of politics love the Senate. They do not see how they can keep house without it. It is the only "rotten borough" they have left. It is the only "safe constituency." Even East Toronto has been known to turn down the Tory candidate, and Oxford has rejected a Grit. But the party in power can always elect its candidate to the Senate. The party out of power does not think of running one, but it waits patiently until its turn in power comes, and then it will begin to manufacture Senators. The people may reject a tool of the Government but it has no need to worry—the Government will put him in the Tool House. A rich man may want to buy his way into Parliament, but may fear that the law will catch him if he tries to accomplish his purpose by buying votes. Still he need not despair. A few good subscriptions to the party funds; and he joins the Millionaire Club. A leader lags superfluous on the Provincial stage. He is carried by a form of political euthanasia to the Vaulted Chamber. A faithful party servant in the Commons clamours for promotion. He lacks the training to be made a judge; he is not fit to be Lieutenant-Governor anywhere; he dislikes work too much to take a customs' collectorship. So he is translated to the Senate. It is the escape pipe of the political boiler; and the people might as well make up their minds to pay for it until the end of time.

* * *

Still there ought to be some way by which the people could render effective the agreement they feel for many of the suggestions of just such men as Mr. Willison. Mr. Willison does not care two straws for either party, so far as I am able to judge. Consequently he is in a position

to give good advice on matters in which party bias affects the vision of most of us. And there are other men in whose clear vision a lot of the people believe, without being able to take advantage of it in any practical way. Mr. Ross, of the Ottawa Journal, may not be so free from party feeling as Mr. Willison, but most of us would rather see him in Parliament than any half-dozen ordinary members who might be mentioned. More independent journalists in public life would be good for the country. There are no better men in the Ontario Legislature than George Graham of the Brockville Recorder and Hugh Clarke of the Kincardine Review. Both of these latter are noted for the original and practically independent view they take of public questions, though of necessity, Mr. Graham has been somewhat restrained of late by the shackles of office. A Parliament of Journalists would go farther toward giving the people what they want than ten Parliaments of politicians. They have to give the people what they want in their papers, or they will run out of cord-wood before the winter is half over.

* * *

I would like to see a political organisation started in this country with a few road-breakers in it. I would nominate J. S. Willison for English leader, and Henri Bourassa for French leader. P. D. Ross would be my candidate in Ottawa; "Billy" Maclean would be given the position of "scout"; John Ross Robertson would be implored to come out and redeem East Toronto; J. A. Macdonald would be taken on probation if he would "come out from among them"; Hon. Adam Beck would be kidnapped if we could not get him in any other way; Hugh Clarke and George Graham would be recruited from the Legislature; and every Canadian Club would be empowered to nominate—and elect—one member. Such a party would cure the Sleeping Sickness which has fallen on the two Ottawa organisations within twenty-four hours.

A Horse-Shoe for Luck

AN odd custom of great antiquity still prevails in the town of Oakham, in Rutlandshire. Every peer of the realm passing near the castle, which was built by Walkelin de Ferrers, is expected to deliver a shoe from the foot of one of his horses or to pay a fine in default. The fine usually takes the form of an ornamental horseshoe, often surmounted by the coronet of the peer presenting it. The total number of shoes at present in possession of the local authorities is three hundred, and among the most valued are those presented by Queen Elizabeth, King George IV., Queen Victoria, and Queen Alexandra.

WHEN HE RETURNS

An After Dinner Joke.



Canada's Premier is being dined to the limit, and our Cartoonist thinks he may look like this, if he remains too long in London.

The Future of Ottawa



Parliament of Canada. What will the capital be fifty years hence?

No other city in the world, perhaps, is so much a creation of government, and no other city depends so much upon the fact that it is a legislative centre. Paris is the commercial as well as the parliamentary capital of France. London bears the same relation to Great Britain. Ottawa has little of the commercial in its basis. Its lumber-mills are dwindling in importance; its shipping is small; it has the head offices of only one bank and none of a great railway; it is not a wholesale centre, and the amount of manufacturing within its borders is small. It has not, like Edinburgh, an ancient glory, nor has it a national university. It is simply and solely the Washington of the North.

Nevertheless, as the years go by, it will have many attractions similar to those which make London the Mecca of the British race. It may never have a Westminster Abbey with historic monuments and collections of famous graves. It may never have a St. Paul's. It will certainly never have a Tower and a Tower Hill, but it will have on Parliament Hill that monumental Gothic pile known as the Parliament Buildings. It will have buildings that will correspond to the National Gallery and the British Museum. It may even have a national Portrait Gallery. National monuments are growing in number and the grounds of Parliament Hill may yet rival Trafalgar Square. About its larger residences are already gathering stories and associations of the past—now the near past, but soon to become the distant past. Already, but one or two great men of Confederation Days linger on the scene, and only a few can recall when the present Buildings were begun.

In time it will have associations and memories for both races. The French Canadians have long looked upon Quebec as the tangible centre of their patriotic and national feeling, but the ten years rule of Sir Wilfrid Laurier as Premier have modified that attitude. Nor is Sir Wilfrid likely to be the only representative to draw the hearts of that race toward the rocky eminence beside the eternal voice of the Falls of the Chaudiere. To all divisions of the English-speaking people, from the Bluenoses by the Atlantic to the British-Columbians by the Pacific, Ottawa has already ties which bind and draw.

A Winnipeg Critic

DENIES OUR STORY OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

IN The Canadian Courier of April 27th, there was a story of how some land pirates planned to steal the Yukon some years ago and to make it a part of the United States. The story was not wholly new, but it was worth retelling.

Now comes the editor of the Winnipeg "Telegram," a clever and well-informed journalist, who says that "a great deal of amusement has been aroused in Winnipeg and through the West generally" by this particular article. In the course of a fair-sized editorial he gives what, on its face, seems to be a complete denial of the whole story as published in the Canadian Courier. It makes the writer of the story and the editor of this journal look rather cheap. It brings upon both of them the disgrace of not knowing nearly so much as the editor of the "Winnipeg

Telegram." It indicates that readers of the national weekly have been buncoed with a trumped-up story.

The editor of the "Telegram" went so far as to have an associated press despatch sent out to all the daily papers in Canada. This was as follows:

PLOT TO SEIZE THE YUKON

LAUGHED AT BY PEOPLE OF THE WEST
AS A STUPID STORY.

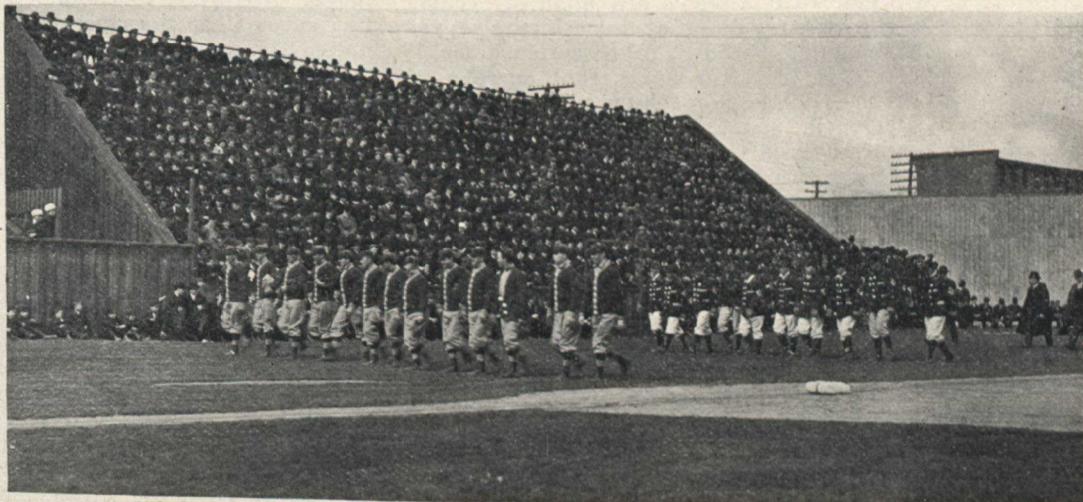
WINNIPEG, Man., April 28—(Special.)—The West is laughing over a sensational story published in last week's Canadian Courier about the Order of the Midnight Sun being organized by Americans to seize the Yukon, and about the plot being frustrated through the alertness of the mounted police. In the Canadian West there are hundreds of members of this mystic brotherhood, which essentially is a Canadian organization along the lines of the Elks. The first condition is, and always was, that a member should reside at least a year in the Yukon. One of the chief, if not the chief spirit of the Order of the Midnight Sun is Hon. W. L. Walsh, now a lawyer in Calgary, and member of the firm of McCarthy & Walsh. He is an Ontario lawyer and probably one of the best known members in the West, having practised for years in the good old Orange county of Dufferin. He is proud of his membership and ridicules the stupid story. The Brotherhood of the Midnight Sun is about as capable of hatching a plot against Canadian authority as would be the Zorra municipality.

Just a word to this clever brother editor. There were two societies in the Yukon—one loyal, the other disloyal. Mr. Walsh was a member of the loyal society, not of the disloyal. The loyal society was known as the Arctic Brotherhood; the disloyal one as the Order of the Midnight Sun. This is the simple explanation of our Winnipeg brother's mistake.

Just to settle the matter, there will be published in this journal next week some further particulars about the Order of the Midnight Sun, the oath taken by its members and some pictures of the men who helped to break it up. If this will not satisfy our Winnipeg critic we may reproduce some public documents now in possession of the Ottawa authorities.

Flag Courtesies

Mrs. Roosevelt will, with her own hands, fashion a silk American flag, to be presented to the naval academy at Annapolis for the draping of a small bronze bust of Admiral Lord Nelson, the gift of King Edward to that institution. Queen Alexandra of Great Britain will provide British colours for the same purpose, the presentation of which will be made by Mrs. James Bryce, wife of the British ambassador.



The Opening of the Base-Ball Season

The Toronto and Rochester teams parading before the Grand Stand before the first game, Toronto, Friday, May 3rd. The Premier of Ontario pitched the first ball, the Mayor of the City was at the bat and Mr. J. P. Downey, M. P., was at the receiving end.

The Horse Show Habit

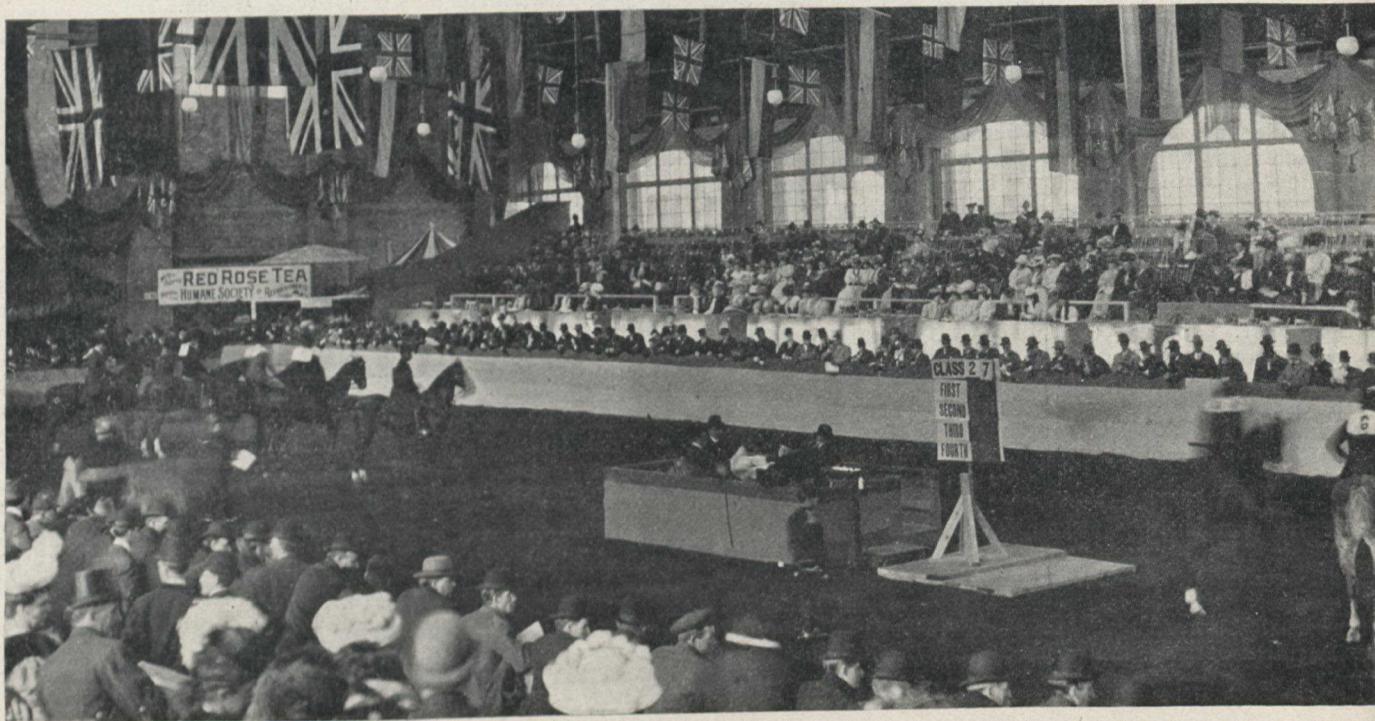
CANADA has the horse show habit. But that is only another evidence that despite the influx of foreign immigrants the Anglo-Saxon still dominates. For where is the man of British birth who will not own to an admiration of man's best friend! Whether that admiration takes the form of putting a dollar on a probable starter at New York with the handbook man around the corner or buying a box at the big annual shows at Toronto and Montreal.

Toronto's 13th annual horse show passed into history a week ago. It was bigger, better, grander than before. The prizes of course in the open classes largely went to the dealers and breeders who have a habit of collecting ribbons all around the circuit which is made up of Toronto, Montreal, Syracuse, Kansas City and Chicago, while the "amateur" prizes were divided among those lovers of horseflesh who go over the country with a fine tooth comb trying to gather in something to beat the big fellows.

That the horse was there in all his various castes, breeds and conformations, from the aristocratic thoroughbred to the more humble sired but none the less necessary steed which hauls home your paper of pins from the big departmental store, goes without saying. It takes them all to make a horse show. And it takes something else

finned to Toronto and Montreal. Winnipeg has one; so has Brantford and Stratford and Galt and Guelph and other places. The big breeders and dealers send their strings to these too. But alas and alack! Some of these minor shows are developing symptoms of financial decay—the most fatal of all horse show diseases. And then why?—Well, to speak cordially, their social circles though select are necessarily small. And the consequence is inevitable. Robbed of its most necessary adjunct, the show fades slowly but surely to its finish.

Does the horse show do much towards improving the Canadian horse? Assuredly. If you don't think so, ask the first horse lover you meet and he will gladly spend an hour or more telling how the social condition of the equine has been improved by his brief annual association with the elite of Canada's leading cities. Still, it must be admitted that the standard Canadian farmer has not been led to take much of his time from his turnip crop and give it to the breeding of aristocratic horses. He knows that high stepping carriage horses and fashionably bred animals of other classes will bring high prices. But he knows that if there is the slightest blemish on them they are practically valueless. So he keeps right on farming and raising an occasional colt that can haul a plow or a reaper and that will always command a



The Toronto Horse Show Last Week—St. Lawrence Market Arena.

It is difficult to get a photograph of this scene as the people are restless and the horses continually stirring. The ring is covered with tanbark, and in the centre is a box for the judges and officials. Between the fence and the boxes is a promenade which runs around the entire ring, hence the first row of spectators are seen leaning over the rail. The "boxes" with their fair and brilliant occupants show white beyond the promenade. Behind the boxes are the ordinary chairs for horse lovers who are not in the "four hundred." The riders of the horses have a white disc on their backs showing their number

besides to make a horse show a success. For much as the Anglo Saxon loves a horse he must have it properly set before he will give to it a whole afternoon or evening and the price of admission. But that something else was not lacking. Fashionable Toronto, or rather fashionable Ontario was there. It lined the boxes that surrounded the tanbarked arena—and the horse show was a success.

The social adjunct is just as necessary to the horse show as the betting ring is to a race meet. Without it the great unknown masses called the public lose interest, the gate receipts fall off and the show perishes miserably. But when the newspapers tell of the lovely women present and the ravishing costumes they wore, feminine interest is awakened. And though man may rule the world he goes to the horse show when his wife makes him take her. Some wag has named the great annual function the "clothes horse show." That is largely a libel. But, while the faithful steed has come triumphantly through his fights for popularity with the bicycle and the autocar and is prepared to vanquish the airship when it gets ready for the fray, he must easily divide the credit for his victories with woman, lovely woman, who is ever on his side. And as no one is disposed to take credit from where it is due, perhaps it might be admitted that if woman is the bookmaker of the horse show the dress-makers are her talented assistants.

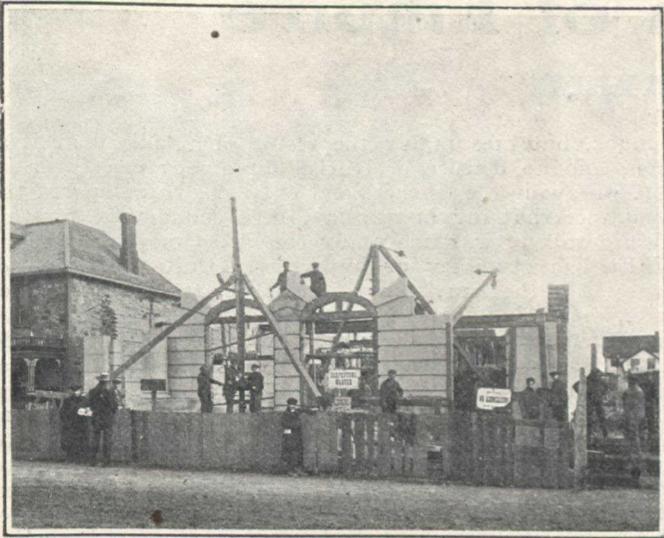
Of course the horse show habit in Canada is not con-

tinued even if it is not flawless enough to successfully pass the scrutiny of a fashionable horse show judge. He's not much of a gambler, our Canadian farmer, even if he does occasionally try to break the little nutshell game at the fall fair.

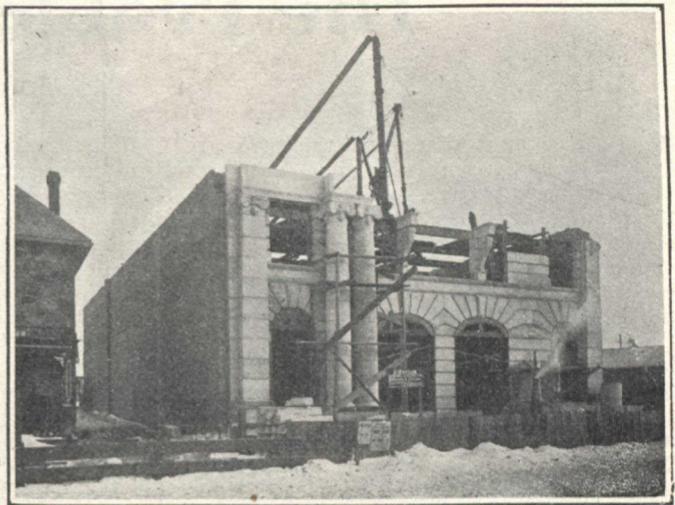
The prizes, too, offered for horses suited to the army do not attract him much. It would take a war to make a brisk market. And he can still remember that when horses were wanted for South Africa the horse show judge did not select them. Horses were enlisted for the service just as men would be in a similar emergency. From the plough, the cart and the prairie they come and constant drilling made them mounted infantry horses just as constant drill had to make soldiers of the clerks, mechanics and labourers who were to ride them.

Still, it must be admitted that the horse show habit is a power for good in the land. It provides for the keeping up of an aristocracy in the horse world, and an aristocracy in that sub-stratum of society is just as necessary as an aristocracy in this British Empire. It gives mankind a chance to admire the horse in all its perfection—and surely the world holds nothing more pleasing to the eye than the satin-skinned champions who battle for the blue ribbon in the horse ring.

The attendant at these brilliant shows of Beauty and the Beast will find it hard to believe in the horseless age which so many electric and gasoline enthusiasts prophesy.



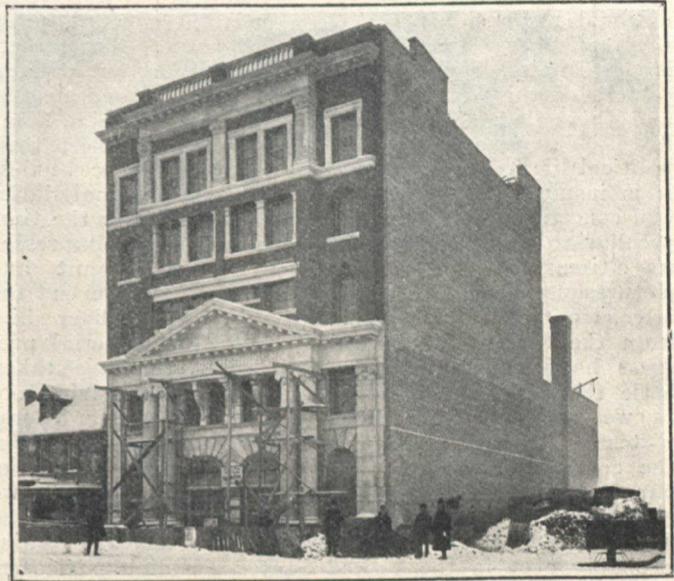
August 15th, 1906.



December 1st, 1906.



December 10th, 1906.



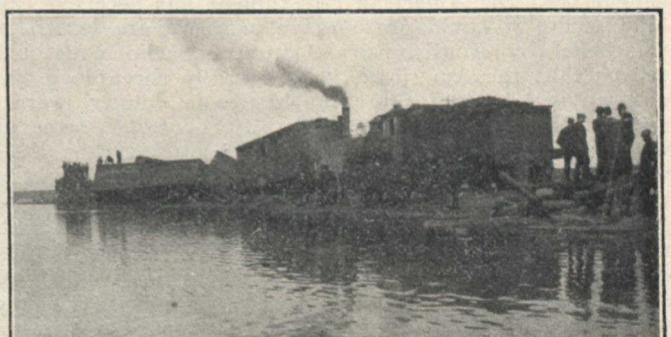
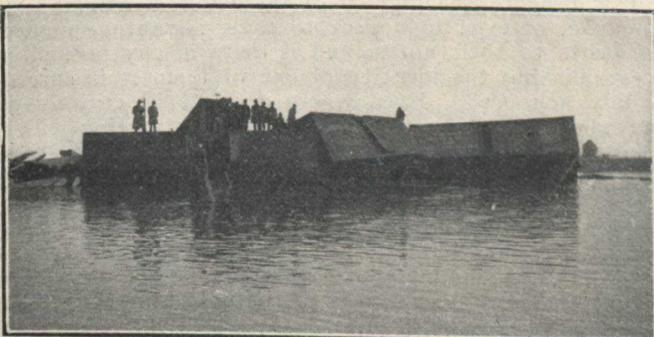
January 1st, 1907.

BUILDING IN REGINA NOT IMPEDED BY WINTER.

Four successive Pictures of the Construction of the Northern Bank Building.

A writer in the "Pall Mall" gives an entertaining account of "The New Exodus," a story of the voyage of a Salvation Army party to Canada. He says of the chief controller of these new-comers: "It was really astonishing how long the Man in Charge took to go from one end of the deck to the other. Scores of emigrants were lying in wait for him, and sprang up from their reclining place on the forward hatch to beset him. Often a dozen or a score of men would be seen crowding round him and hanging on his words. It was evident, from what I heard as I stood on the outskirts of the little crowd, that scarce a trade, profession, or social grade was unrepresented in the steerage of the "Lake Abitibi." They were not all anxious about their future, though some who seemed least anxious had really most cause for anxiety—young men of the happy-go-lucky sort, for example, who would speedily discover that in Canada they were at least a million miles from Happy-go-lucky Land.

There was a good sprinkling, too, of genuine farm labourers, whom the Dominion absorbs as thirstily as a dry sponge sucks in moisture. There were also a great many whose occupations up to date had had little or no resemblance to farm work of any kind, but who had made up their minds, either with or without alacrity, to the first condition of successful emigration—that they should be ready to take their coats off and go right on the land if they could not at once get the occupation they were used to. Most of the enquirers were of this class. Here now, was a man of Kent—a machine sawyer, a good workman, and a teetotaller, who had nevertheless come down to earning a scanty livelihood by hawking fish. Here, too, was a carman from a Midland town, whose average earnings when at work had been 24s. a week, with seven children to keep, and he had only had three weeks' work out of fifteen. Another was a well-set-up young boxmaker, whose goods were in the pawnshop."



Winter Difficulties are followed by Spring Troubles.

The Canadian Northern have had a difficult time operating their Regina-Prince Albert Branch. On Sunday, April 23rd, a trainload of Settler's effects was passing over a culvert just north of Regina, the engine got over all right, but the cars went through, the culvert having been weakened by the floods. It took three days to clear the line and repair the culvert.

Photograph by Albert J. Cameron, Regina.

The Problem of Empire.

By E. J. KYLIE

WE cannot disregard the two great difficulties of our present situation, both resulting from the very progress of the country. The prosperity of Canada, its possibilities and its problems have come so to absorb our attention, that less room is left for the consideration of Britain's interests and affairs, or even of those ties which formerly united a colony to the motherland. All the French-speaking inhabitants and two generations of the English-speaking inhabitants have been born in Canada and may easily find it the only centre for their patriotism. Yet the pioneers from Britain kept their faces toward the East and a home beyond the sea; we have turned at the call of the North and the West where our feet tread always native soil. Nor are we left free to meet the new conditions, for a flood of settlers from Europe and the United States is upon us. To these we do not for the moment offer any definite national ideals nor do we bring them face to face with national responsibilities. We cannot, in a word, make them members of a fully developed state. True, there is the Empire, fraught with meaning for us, but to newcomers of this sort it may be very vague and distant and this allegiance to it can scarcely become a living force. Yet we are often asked how we are to keep their political life free from petty and corrupt influences unless it is inspired by the presence of urgent national duties and concerns. This immigration problem is for the time peculiar to this continent. The United States impressed its citizenship upon the stranger by extravagant and picturesque, though effective, methods. Yet even the intense patriotism thus inspired could not deliver him from the corrupt forces which unequalled material progress has rendered so powerful. But we have taken little thought as to our task. It is just possible, too, as we are sometimes reminded, that had our federal statesmen to deal with the wider problems arising from the conduct of foreign affairs, the whole character of our Dominion politics would be improved. Were we protecting our own interests abroad, we might be lifted above provincial disputes and private gain. Probably even in the United States the diplomatic service produces such men as are unknown amongst us. This is almost certainly the case, when the many opportunities presented to young men here prevent them, for example, from even thinking of careers in the Indian Civil service. But if nationhood could give us this broader view, it might also by its assimilating power, build up in Canada an united people. Indeed, one may well doubt whether anything but a national crisis can make us kin.

The other difficulty arises also from our progress: as we grow and become more self-conscious, we are the more hurt by the apparent failure of Great Britain in her dealings with the United States. There is no need to discuss the various issues in detail. In fact, Mr. Bryce has asked us to suspend judgment until the facts are presented from the British side. But in the meantime we may observe that Great Britain wants American friendship for obvious reasons. Japan has secured her against Russia in the East, the alliance with France maintains the status quo in Europe and in Africa, so an understanding with the United States would guarantee the peace in North and South America and would complete the isolation of Germany. To carry out this policy she may have persuaded herself that she must make sacrifices. These, indeed, are trifling in her eyes but costly to Canada and Newfoundland, especially since we believe that the American government has deceived England where it could not deceive us. We are forced to this belief by Englishmen themselves, who constantly tell us that the Americans have actually threatened war, and would have put Canadian homes in danger, were it not for these concessions. Now, of course, we are convinced that the American people have no thought of war with Canada. Mr. Goldwin Smith himself says that they have no desire to undertake the task of governing Canada, and yet they would begin a continental war for the sake of the territory involved in these disputes. But this territory is valueless, all Englishmen say. Then the Americans must be brigands to think of war for such a booty, or fools to be turned from their purpose by these surrenders. In neither case does Great Britain pay them a great compliment by insisting upon their bellicose temperament, to say nothing of the very unworthy motive she alleges for her own yielding. And after all the Alaskan award was not a matter of dip-

lomacy, but presumably the result of a judicial arbitration, and no defence of British diplomacy can cover it. But we await the defence, and only ask to be spared the assurance that our homes have been endangered, for this absurd talk of war has really convinced many Canadians of English stupidity or hypocrisy. Quite wrongly, of course, for the Englishman is neither stupid nor a hypocrite, but singularly well-meaning and honest. The American, then, is dishonest? No, but merely endowed with imagination. He "talks big," he scatters his promises and his demands recklessly; he is not to be taken literally at his word; he will overreach his rival in business because he imagines that the latter is trying to outwit him. Each is really paying a high compliment to the astuteness of the other. His humour is broad, extravagant—indeed, its force is in its very extravagance, and herein it differs so completely from English humour, and so he plays his "game of bluff." But the Englishman who knows the use of language and takes words seriously and at their proper value may well attach too much importance to the American's first demands or threats. We know how the former is regarded as simplicity itself all over this continent. Of course, at home the American would come to business, after the first display of his cleverness, but abroad he has been so often victorious that he now maintains his ground probably with a great show of firmness. He has behind him, certainly, the vast protected interests, of the interference of which the British statesman knows nothing. Indeed, we cannot expect Great Britain to have caught the spirit of this continent, nor need we be reminded again that wherever she has been directly involved in a quarrel with the United States, British indignation has been aroused, British statesmen have acted with vigour, and Canadian homes have actually been endangered. In fact, Great Britain with the best intentions, will find it difficult fully to understand our concerns.

In any case our advance has brought with it these difficulties, and so many a man will answer now that of course in a few years Canada will stand alone. Still even those who look forward to national independence cannot regard it as possible for the present. Hence, in the general uncertainty, everyone upholds the present connection with Great Britain. Some, in fact, to escape the very difficulties mentioned, favour full Imperial federation. But probably most of us attach the greatest value to the guidance and inspiration which the motherland can offer us in our intellectual and public life. This is the real advantage of our present position, and we should never have ceased to insist upon it. Instead, we have been to blame for deceiving the British public by parading our loyalty and connecting it in one way or another with commercial interests. True, we impressed some people a good deal. Mr. Chamberlain and his friends were for a time easy and rather large game. Yet we were always safe behind our tariff-wall while we waved the flag. No one meant to be seriously out of pocket through his devotion. Indeed, good sound imperial sentiments have generally served as a disguise for a good sound protective policy. But we must stand forth as we are, abandoning the vagueness of thought and confusion of language which are so characteristic of this continent, if we are to be understood in England and to solve the problem of Empire.

Bank of England Notes

IT is beneath the dignity of the Bank of England to take, or even to appear to take, advantage of accidents to their notes, and if there is any possibility of establishing the identity of one of them it is sure to be duly honoured. Even where a note is entirely destroyed proper evidence of the fact of destruction will be accepted and payment made. A lost note will in some cases be paid; and there is one occasion recorded upon which the liberal attitude of the directors in a case of this kind involved them in a loss of thirty thousand pounds. A bank director declared that he had lost a note for that amount, and, upon his giving an indemnity for the sum in the event of the note ever turning up the money was paid to him. Many years after his death an unknown person presented the note. The paper was undeniably good, and the Bank had no alternative but to cash it, as it was payable to bearer on demand, and as the heirs of the bank director who had lost it repudiated all liability the money could not be recovered.



The Governor-General going to Prorogue Parliament, April 27th.

Photograph by Eugene Ryan.

Ottawa Carnival and Re-Union

By R. PATCHING

THE homing instinct is strong in most men, and if it be true, as history indisputably proves it is, that the Anglo-Saxon is a great coloniser, it is equally the fact that, no matter where he may wander, or to what out-of-the-way corner of the globe he may turn his steps, the longing to return to the old roof-tree will, sooner or later, bear in upon him so strongly, that every effort will be strained to visit once again, be it for ever so brief a period, the scenes of earlier days.

It is therefore not to be wondered at that the fashion, started some few years back, of organizing "Old Boys' Reunions" or "Home-Coming Weeks," has caught the popular fancy and grown in favour season by season, until each recurring summer witnesses an ever increasing number of these occasions; and not only do they grow in number but also in magnitude and in the development of their scope and ramifications. Small and insignificant indeed is the town, aye, or the village, that cannot boast of its home-comers' festival, either in retrospect or in anticipation, and heartfelt is the sympathy extended by those who have the good fortune to participate, to their unlucky comrades whose unkind fate has interdicted their corporeal presence at the merry-making.

One reason, perhaps, why Old Boys' Reunions have taken so firm and apparently lasting a hold upon public favour lies in the fact that the very nature of the occasion leaves unlimited opportunity for individual development and local colouring, not only in respect to one event as compared contrasted with another, but as regards those who participate. One man takes advantage of the redaced rates to re-visit the old town, and perchance the old folks and old comrades if happily he has not been away so long that they are all dead or he is forgotten by the survivors. Another, also attracted by the unusual facilities the Reunion offers, "takes it in" as a pleasant holiday; he has heard of the place and believes he can spend a portion of his vacation there with profit and advantage. Yet another desires a few days of "solid enjoyment" and figures out that he can get it by joining in the giddy whirl of sport and frolic; and each finds what he goes for. The tastes of all are catered to, and he who seeks a quiet holiday with the old folks enjoys his sojourn in the old home equally with him who goes along with the avowed intention of putting in a hot time with the boys.

To the returning wanderer, the old town looks her best, for to begin with he is in a humour to be pleased; he has put on his brightest spectacles and over everything and everybody is cast the warmth and sunshine of his own happiness,—if he isn't going to feel that way he has no business to go at all. To the stranger who goes along simply to take in the sights, is presented the best of everything. The town is in gala attire, and if there are any unsightly spots—and what place is without them—they are hidden beneath a lavish display of flags and mottoes. The citizens are out, too, to give everybody a good time, the latchstring is out day and night, the freedom of the burgh is presented to every arrival, be he stranger or native-born, and again let it be said, the man who under these circumstances, does not have a good time, and go away satisfied—if indeed he gets away again at all,—ought never to have ventured there; he should rather have gone off quietly by himself, and taken a course of antibilious pills.

So much for generalities—though if these remarks are generalities, they may be particularly applied to the approaching celebration in the Dominion Capital next July. Ottawa has not had an Old Boys' Reunion yet. Some people may be unkind enough to suggest that she always was slow to catch on to anything good, but if that be the deduction in this case, it may prove to be fallacious, as hastily drawn deductions often are. She has been watching events and noting developments, and now stands prepared to benefit by the experiences of others,



Ottawa University.—The part of the New Arts Building already constructed and occupied.



Ottawa City Hall.

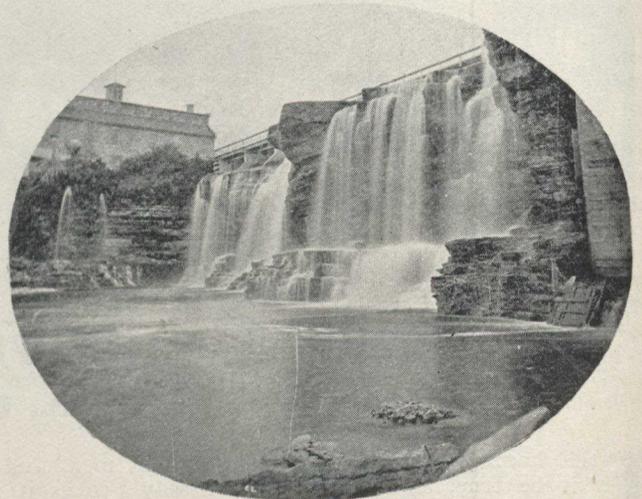
and put up the finest line of celebration that the world has ever seen—at least that's what her loyal citizens are declaring. Many years ago she had a winter carnival; it followed similar events elsewhere and went them all one better. Now she proposes to repeat the experiment and put up a summer carnival that will out-class all predecessors. In her civic life, too, she has reached the half-century mile-stone; she proposes, therefore, to include in her programme an observance of this, her semi-centennial civic jubilee, and lastly, to her sons and daughters scattered the wide world over, she has sent forth in thousands, a warm hearted personal invitation to come home, and—they're going. Going from everywhere—from Australia, New Zealand and the Isles of the Southern Seas, from China, Japan and sunny India, from historic South Africa, where shoulder to shoulder with their compatriots from every part of the Dominion and many parts of the Empire, her sons fought, and unhappily, not a few of them died, from every State of the Union and from every province of the Dominion they are going—they have heard the call, they have sent the response, and they will be there.

Not content with going themselves, those who heard of what was in prospect at once got busy to tell others, and in several places Ottawa Old Boys' Associations have been formed, with the primary purpose of organizing local excursions. In this way big delegations will be made up and "Back to the Capital" will be the slogan in many a town and city during the next two months. Nor is this movement confined to the cities of Canada, for while there is an association several hundred strong in Toronto, another in Winnipeg, and others under way in many other places, more than

one city across the line will have its Old Boys' Association in due course and send its contingent to swell the ranks of the merry-makers.

The preliminary organisation work has been in competent hands, and it has been thoroughly done. For four or five months past, committees of the leading citizens have been busy in their various departments, preparing on a scale which some of the more timorous ones declared at the outset was disproportionate and extravagant, but which now, even the pessimist admits was none too extensive. The first draft of the programme, which is still incomplete as to detail, gives some indication of the ambitious intent of the Entertainment Committee, and if carried out as proposed, the promoters will certainly make good their undertaking that there will be "something doing every minute."

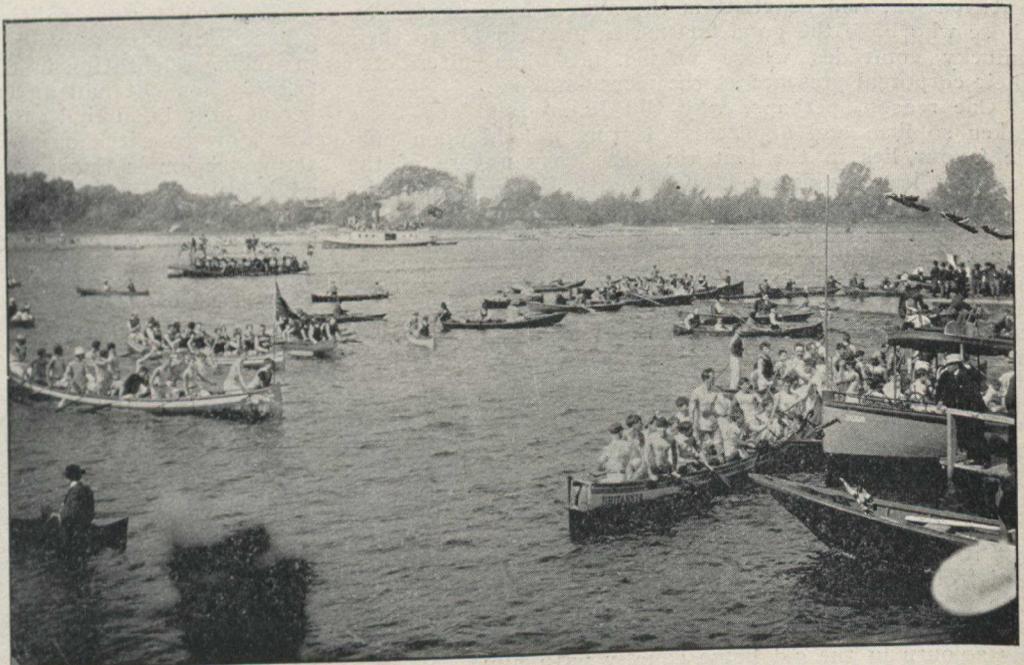
Sports of course will form the backbone of the week's doings, and these will embrace every branch of seasonable athletics. Opening on the first day—Saturday, July 27th, with the annual regatta of the Ottawa Canoe Club on the Ottawa River, the aquatic events will also include a motor and sailing boat regatta and afternoon of aquatic sports—log-rolling, water polo, shantymen's



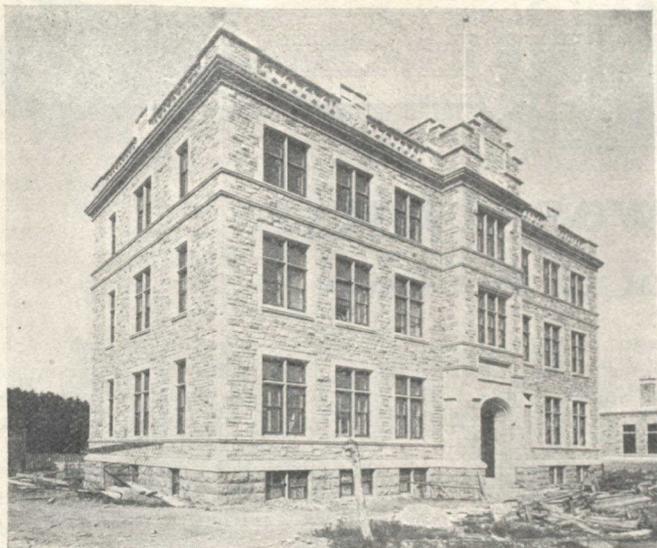
Rideau Falls.

boatrace, etc., on Lake Deschenes; a Venetian Night with hundreds of illuminated boats and canoes, in procession, and fireworks, on the Rideau Canal; and possibly, if the Canadian Canoe Association will accept the Committee's invitation, the annual meet of that Association at Britannia. One of the Minto Cup games in the championship lacrosse series (Capitals vs. Tecumseh's) is scheduled for the second Saturday, August 3rd, and a couple of baseball games between star amateur teams is on the card.

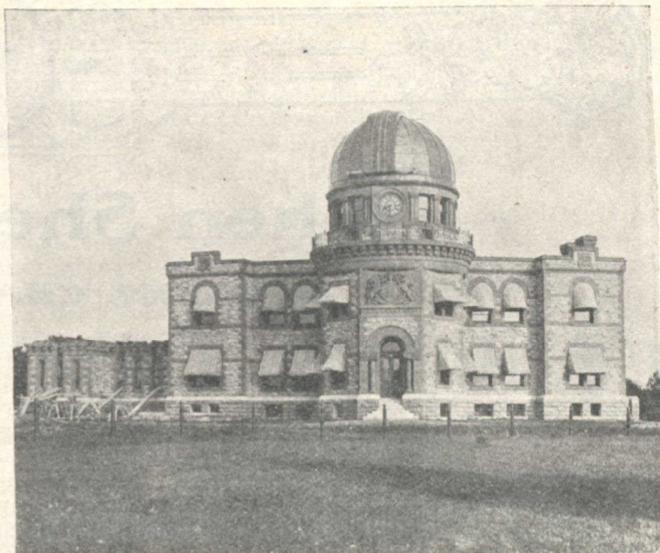
An interesting feature of the week is a cricket tournament between picked teams from half a dozen cricket centres, including Halifax on the one hand and Victoria



War Canoes in the Ottawa.



Ottawa—The New Archives Building.



Ottawa—The Royal Observatory.

on the other, and it is hoped that an international match with a crack United States eleven, may be possible.

The programme on two afternoons will include trotting matches for the fattest purses ever hung up in Eastern Ontario. The local gun clubs will offer trophies in both rifle and trap shooting, lawn bowling, tennis and quoits will all be cared for, and a championship hockey match on roller skates is among the probabilities.

On the closing day—Monday, Civic Holiday, Aug. 5th—a grand field day of amateur athletics will be pulled off at the Exhibition grounds, and this will attract the leading amateurs in Canada, including, it is hoped, Longboat, the famous young Indian runner.

It must not be imagined, however, that the entire programme is to be made up of sporting events. There will be parades—military, industrial and allegorical, children's and old timers; full dress and night shirt; a military tattoo, gorgeous fireworks and band concerts galore.

As Others See Ottawa

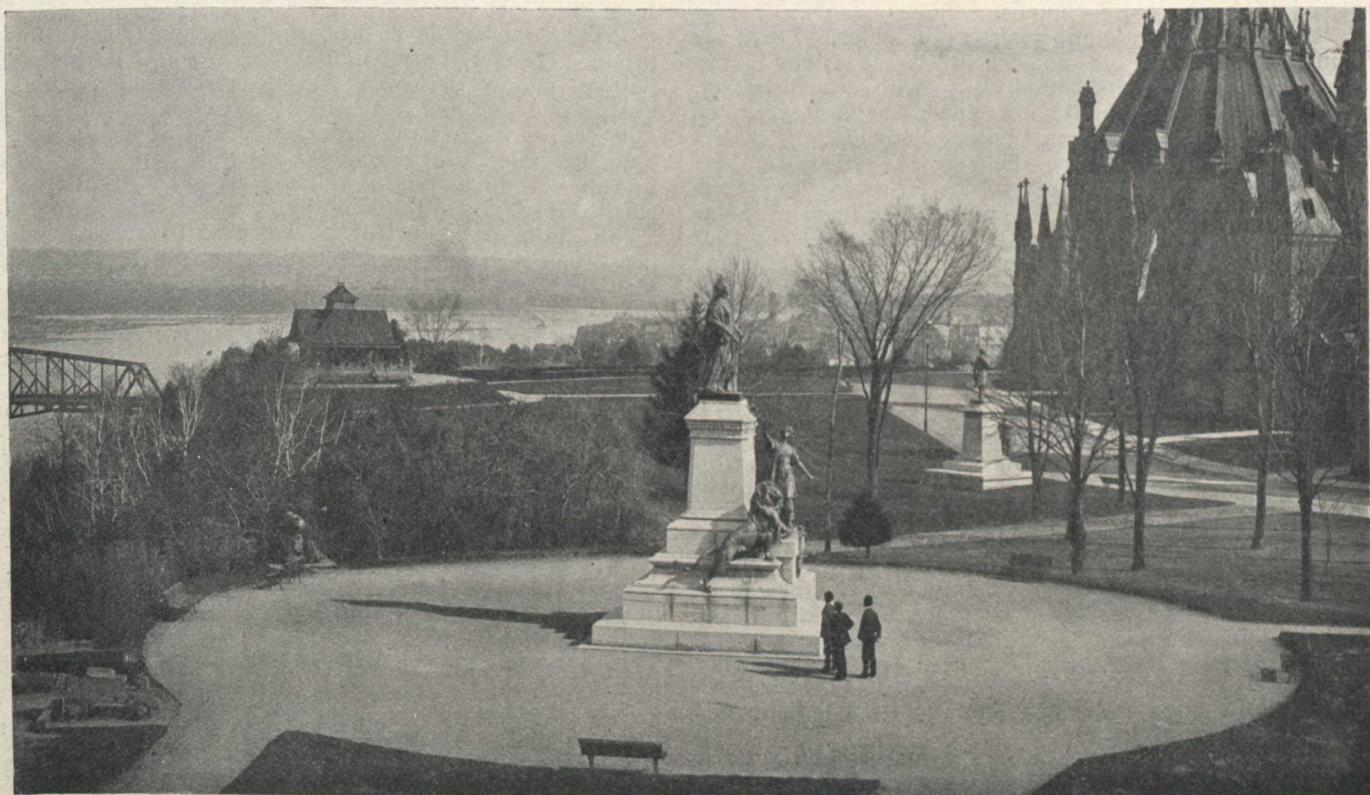
THERE have been many notable descriptions of the peculiar charms and characteristic picturesqueness of Ottawa. Two of these, one by a famous British traveller and one by a well-known United States traveller, are worth reproducing again.

Anthony Trollope wrote:—"It stands nobly on a magnificent river, with high, overhanging rock, and a natural grandeur of position which has perhaps gone far

in recommending it to those whose voice in the matter has been potential. Having the world of Canada from whence to choose the site of a new town, the choosers have certainly chosen well. . . . The glory of Ottawa will be—and, indeed, already is—the set of public buildings which is now being erected on the rock which guards as it were, the town from the river. I take it upon myself to say that as regards purity of art and manliness of conception the work is entitled to the very highest praise.

I have no hesitation in risking my reputation for judgment in giving my warmest commendation to them as regards beauty of outline and truthful nobility of detail. . . . I know no modern Gothic purer of its kind, or less sullied with fictitious ornamentation, and I know no site for such a set of buildings so happy as regards both beauty and grandeur."

Charles Dudley Warner wrote:—"The beauty and attraction of the city are due to the concentration here of political interest. The situation on the bluffs of the Ottawa River is commanding, and gives fine opportunity for architectural display. The group of Government buildings is surpassingly fine. The Parliament house and the Parliament Buildings, on three sides of a square, are exceedingly effective in colour, and the perfection of Gothic details, especially in the noble towers. There are few groups of buildings anywhere so pleasing to the eye, or that appeal more strongly to one's sense of dignity and beauty."



Queen Victoria Monument in Parliament Grounds, Ottawa. To the left is the Ottawa.—To the right the Library of Parliament



When She was Thirty

By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

IT was Eleanor Gray's thirtieth birthday. Suddenly she awoke to the knowledge that youth, with its vague hopes and dreams, was over. She had never quite understood how swiftly the years were passing. One day was so like another, and the heart in her was so young, she half thought that she herself was a young girl still, and that love might be waiting round the corner. Hitherto hope had held her by the hand. But somehow there was a cruel positiveness in the number thirty. So many years had she lived—the years of charm and expectancy. What could there be to come now? But what had there been, even in the past?

She went back, in her thoughts, over the life she had lived, and regarded it as if it had been that of some other person. She had been born in the wrong family, she said to herself; that was the beginning. They loved her well, the practical, unimaginative parents whose only child she was; but they had never understood what she meant. Her ways were not as their ways, nor her thoughts as their thoughts. They had been proud of her in some uncomprehending fashion, but they had smiled at her aspirations and ambitions as at the amusing vagaries of a petted infant. They gave her the harp on which she wanted to play just as they had given her the talking doll she had coveted and made friends with when she was a child. They had let her buy herself poetry books just as they had let her buy sweetmeats. They were good and dear,—oh, so good and dear!—she said to herself on this morning of her thirtieth birthday. But they did not know her. No one had ever known her; of that she felt certain.

She took a little hand-mirror from her dressing-table, and began to study her face in it. The features had not changed very much since she was twenty. Perhaps the eyes were a little more sad, and the cheeks had not quite the wild-rose bloom that belonged to them ten years ago; but really there was not so very much difference. Then she held the glass nearer and looked in it a little more closely. There were—yes, there were—wrinkles, slight, yet unmistakable, at the corners of her eyes. They were big blue eyes, by the way, with black lashes. The young gold of her hair was turning to autumnal brown; and the lips that had never been warmed by kisses seemed to have grown thinner.

"Yes," she said; "ah, yes; I am older. I can see it in the glass. I am not so pretty as I was; but what good did the prettiness do? Who ever loved me really, unless—" She did not finish the sentence. If she had it would have been "unless Tom did."

And then she laid down the glass, and her thoughts went on a long journey, back to the far-away days when Tom Rhodes used to come home with her from all sorts of places, and look at her with such eloquent eyes that she had not forgotten their language even yet. She had never let him go farther than looking, however. The world—her unconquered kingdom—was all before her in those days, and she did not mean to take Tom for prime minister. He was a dear good fellow—she used always to think that when she thought about him at all. But there were poets in the world, and painters and statesmen; and Tom—was only Tom. He taught school in the winter, and was busy on his widowed mother's small farm in the summer; and try how you would, you could not fancy him in the aspect of a conquering hero. So she had kept Tom from speaking, and finally his mother had died, and he had sold the little farm, had gone away to that vague part of the world known in those days as "out West." What he had done there, or what had become of him, who knew? Not Eleanor, at any rate.

She wondered if it were such keen torture to other women to feel that they had grown old. It seemed to her just then that youth was all—all. She had quaffed its wine, and now in the cup were dregs only. And then she sadly smiled. What wine had she ever quaffed, after all? People used to call her beautiful—and surely she must have been at least pretty—but what good had it done her? The right suitor had never come. Of the few who seemed to care for her, she thought in this hour

only of Tom. She remembered tones and looks, shy flowers shyly given, tender little cares for her comfort in small things. But in those old days her ambition soared far beyond Tom. Would it have been better had she cared for him? Would he have understood her? Would love have made that possible? For she felt now that her deepest longing had always been to be understood. Love that was given to the external Eleanor would never have been enough. She must meet some one who had the key to her deepest soul, else must she live and die more solitary than any monk of old in his hidden hermitage.

Could it be that she had thrown away what might have been life's fullest of joy? Ah, well, it was of no use to wonder now. Tom was far away, and she was thirty years old. Just then she saw the old village postman coming down the street. She threw up the window, and reached out an impatient hand for the letters he brought. They were all from school-girl friends, she saw, as she glanced at the handwriting on the envelopes. She was not in the mood to care much for them. "Drearily uninteresting," she said to herself as she opened one. A slip of paper dropped from it unheeded. Eleanor read on listlessly. Suddenly her eyes kindled. She had come to this sentence: "I used to hear you speak of Tom Rhodes—an aspirant of yours, was he not? Can this marriage notice I enclose be his?"

Eleanor picked up the bit of paper from the floor and studied it. It was cut from the Denver (Colorado) "Times," and it read:

"Thomas J. Rhodes of Connecticut to Margaret Eliza, daughter of John Riding, Esq., President of the Wheel of Fire Mining Company."

So that was what had become of Tom. She had not remembered the J. in his name, but of course it must be Tom. There could hardly be another Tom Rhodes of Connecticut. It sounded preposterous, this marriage to the daughter of the president of a mining company. So this was the end of her one true lover. She had never said before, even to herself, that she knew Tom loved her; but she acknowledged it to her own heart now. It was as if a window had been opened into the past, and a great flood of light poured from a day whose sun had long since set.

Yes, Tom had loved her, and Tom would have understood. He and she might have been one, if only she had known—if only that weak ambition she used to think so strong and fine had not held her heart in its thrall. She had the New England conscience, and it was borne in upon her mind that she ought to wish Tom to be happy in this new love, this new life. Did she? She tried to cheat herself into thinking so, but her soul defied her. "You know well," cried the voice of conscience within her, "that you don't want him to be quite, quite happy. You wouldn't like him to be absolutely miserable, but you want him to be something short of satisfied; to say to himself every day, and every day, 'Ah! Eleanor would not have done this, or said that; Eleanor would have understood better.'"

And then conscience cried aloud, "Oh, you poor, small soul! Is that the best of which you are capable? You would not care for him when he might have been yours; he was not grand enough for you then; and now you would wish him something short of life's best good!" And she listened to the voice, and, afraid of herself, she cried out for strength; and it was as if her guardian angel leaned from the heights of heaven and drew her quivering soul upward to a purer air. Then the impulse came to her to write a letter which should convey to Tom her wishes for his happiness—wishes wholly honest now.

She lingered over it for some time. She began it, "Dear Tom." Then she bethought herself of propriety, and began over again, and wrote:

"Dear Mr. Rhodes: I have just chanced to see in a Denver paper the announcement of your marriage. Oddly enough, just before it came to me, I had been especially thinking about you. I am thirty years old this day,

and it seems natural that my thoughts should be busy with my youth, which, I somehow feel, ends with to-day, and of which, until you went away, you were a part. For you, a new life is just beginning. Mine is but the same old story; only it seems as if the rest of it would be what they call in books an 'appendix.' I write this letter to wish you joy and peace and all that your heart most craves.

"I think I know you well enough to be sure that you would not have married without love, and love is the greatest thing in the world. May all its fulness and blessedness be yours, now and in the time to come,—so prays the friend of your earlier years.

"Eleanor Gray."

She addressed this letter to "Thomas Rhodes, care of John Riding, Esq., Denver, Colorado." She sealed and posted it, and then the thirty-year-old young woman felt that she had indeed turned the last page of her youth, and the "appendix" of her life was already begun.

It was not long after this that a new-comer to the quiet old town of Ryefield made Miss Gray's acquaintance. Here at last—so it seemed—came the veritable knight of romance of whom Eleanor had dreamed. Austin Bland was poet and painter both; one glory was not enough for him. He had come to the little Connecticut town to paint some of its beguiling bits of stream and meadow-land, some of its famous old trees that seemed fairly human, they had lived so long and were so full of wayward individuality. His pictures, he said, were for sale; his poems, on the other hand, were not the property of the world. He supposed it was unfortunate, but the truth was, he was utterly subjective. His verses, such as they were, were the very cry of his heart; and surely they did not belong in the market-place!

From the first, Bland seemed to take an especial interest in Eleanor. Naturally this interest flattered her. It had been many years since any man had so persistently sought her society, and now, here in her "appendix" of life, came the conquering hero, ready to turn subject for her sake, eager to paint her charms and to sing her praises. Was it, then, for him that she had unconsciously been waiting, and was it when she was past thirty that she was really to begin to live? It seemed so, just at first.

Bland had brought one or two good letters,—for even in rural Ryefield letters were necessary,—and he had met Eleanor at a high tea at the rectory, the very first week after his arrival. It was the glorious mid-summer—the long golden days when the sun seems so in love with earth that he sets reluctantly; when all the world is at its best, and the birds sing its praises, and the butterflies flutter lazily about as if to see in what a beautiful sphere they are allowed to pass their little day. There were soft mists at evening in the valley of the Quinebaug—mists that followed the splendour of the setting sun, and fled before the rising moon.

Austin Bland never tired of saying how infinitely precious it all was. Sometimes he studied the trees, and sometimes he studied Eleanor. He sketched her as Cleopatra, whom she certainly did not resemble; as Iseult, whom she might have been; as fair Rosamond with the fatal cup in her hand; as herself in a score of attitudes. He wrote verses to her in French metres—rondeaux, triolets and ballades; and these, he told her, were for her only—that cry of his heart which none other than herself must hear.

At last there came a July twilight. Bland and Eleanor had been watching the sunset together. He had been talking about his theories of sunset effects.

"I must see you to-morrow," he said. "Shall it be at three o'clock? I have something to say to you."

"Yes; at three, if you will," she answered; and then he was gone, and she sat musing in the waning light. Of course he was coming to ask her to be his wife. His whole manner had expressed his intention. She was as certain of it as if he had already spoken. Why was she not more exultant? Why did she always feel just a little tired when they had been for some hours together? Of course it would be a glorious destiny to be what he had called her—the queen of his art, to share his ambitions, to be the confidant of his dreams. She ought surely to be grateful to fate, and surely she was. At thirty, no doubt, the time for ecstasy is past. She looked out into the vague distance, and saw someone walking toward her under the trees that fringed the highway. There seemed something familiar in the coming figure. She caught her breath quickly. Were her eyes deceiving her? No; it was—it absolutely was—Tom Rhodes! As one in a dream, she got up and moved forward to meet him; for he had turned in at the gate now.

She seemed hardly to know what strange thing stirred in her thirty-year-old heart when he took her hand in a strong, close clasp.

"You, Tom?" she cried, "you?"

"Yes, Eleanor; the same old Tom."

"And your wife? Where is she?"

"Here, darling, if only I can win her."

"What!"

"Yes. I am not Thomas J. Rhodes. He is my second cousin; from Connecticut also, but from quite another part of the State. I am Thomas Rhodes, at your service—the same Tom who loved you years ago, and has never thought of marrying any other woman. You made me feel, in the old days, that it would be of no use to speak to you, and so I went away. But when I got your letter, and knew that you were Eleanor Gray still, I resolved that if I did not win you, it should not be because I was too cowardly to ask. At least you have a right to know how long and well I have loved you. I have done no great things; I am neither hero nor poet nor statesman; but I have lived a clean, honest life, and there is not one page of it I am ashamed that you should read."

"You loved me—me—all this time?" she cried; and there was a little choking quiver in her voice.

"Yes," he answered solemnly. "I loved you, and you only, then and now and always; but you have not answered me yet, darling."

"Oh, I forgot that; but you know, don't you?"

And indeed Tom knew; for the eyes that looked into his lit the growing dusk with their great light of joy, and the lips that had been strangers hitherto to a lover's kiss yielded themselves to his once and forever. Eleanor was won.

After all, thirty was not old age. These two found that they were young enough still for ecstasy. The moon came up in the east and looked at them curiously. Yes they were certainly lovers. The moon has got used to lovers, for she is neatly six thousand years old; and she is not likely to make a mistake. Eleanor wondered that she could ever have fancied herself too old for joy. She wondered yet more that she had not known from the very first that it was Tom, and Tom only, to whom she belonged.

At last she told him about Austin Bland.

"I have been trying all summer to love him," she said frankly. "I thought it was the thing to do; but I had got a little tired of trying. He is coming to see me at three o'clock to-morrow, because he has something important to say to me."

Tom laughed as a successful man may.

"Well, I shall be away just then. I am going to Boston to get a ring wherewith to fetter you to good faith. Deal gently with the erring. I shall be back by the seven-o'clock train to console you for his loss."

The next afternoon Austin Bland was punctual. He came as one who wears the willow. Sadness was in his voice and on his brow. A weed on his hat would not more clearly have emphasized him for sorrow's own.

"I go," he said; "I go this very night from you who are the queen of my art, and I must never see your too fair face again."

"What!" cried Eleanor, startled for once from her stronghold of composure.

"No, never! I am to be married next month to some one who loves me—but ah, she is not you! I have let myself forget all in the supreme joy of your presence; but I must forget no longer. Pity me! You can afford me so much grace. Circe, I dare not drink your cup."

It was really quite a masterly exhibition of histrionic power. It was hard-hearted and ungrateful of Eleanor to smile at it, as I am afraid I am bound to confess that she did.

"I am to be married almost as soon as you are," she said amiably, "to Mr. Tom Rhodes, one of the owners of the Wheel of Fire mine. But do not let us lose sight of each other. Your sketches of Ryefield scenery are quite too lovely. I should like to give you an order for some of them, that in far-off Colorado I may not altogether feel bereaved of the old home."

"You are only too good—too good and kind," Austin Bland said mournfully; "but ah, I must really never see you again. Goupil & Co. are my agents. Farewell, queen of my summer!"

And he made his exit, this knight of the sorrowful countenance, after the most approved theories of romance. At half-past seven o'clock Eleanor told her little tale of the afternoon to Tom Rhodes; and then she said, with a laugh, "So you see I couldn't have had him, after all; you are only Hobson's choice."

"No, thank God! I am Eleanor's."

His Home

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

"SO old Mis' Murray's gone," said Jim Carpenter, munching a dried apple chip.

"Aye," returned Murchison, thoughtfully, "she's gone, poor soul. 'Twas said she'd not outlast Murray long. And young Jock's comin' home for the buryin'. 'Twill be a sad blow to him."

"She was a fine woman of her age," said Jim. "But what she ever see in Murray to make her that took up with him—she so lively and wide-awake, and keen over a bargain; and he half asleep the most o' the time and shiftless: Well, there! thought more o' them red lilies at the end o' the four-acre than he did o' his 'taters. Never would have the hay cut that end, on account o' cuttin' the lilies down with the grass. Crazy, I call it; but it seemed to suit her."

Old Murchison leaned over the counter, stabbing the crumbling wood with a skewer, his fierce white eyebrows drawn low over his sad eyes. "Why," said he gently, "I guess they just suited each other. I dunno how, but they did. They was lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths, you see, they wasn't long divided. Which is a text, Jim."

"Aye," said Jim, respectfully, "you always did have the learnin', Mister Murchison."

"I knew 'em both," went on the old man, "for more than forty year. I knew her when she was Serena Brand, a handsome lass scarce out o' her teens. I knew him when he first come round these parts. I mind the very first-day I saw him. He come to the door here one day in early summer, and stood there in a mist o' golden dust. Young he was, and brown as a nut, with white teeth and solemn gray eyes. I mind, too, that my eyes was taken by a little red squir'l that had been settin' sociable on his shoulder, and that whisked into his pocket at sight o' me. 'Good day t'you,' ses he, with a queer, plaintive lift and fall in his speech, 'd'you need any tinware?' He'd a little truck pullin' behind him, glitterin' with tin things. 'I've all here,' ses he, 'mugs, jugs, pie-plates, measures, bread-graters, and saucepans.' 'I need a quart measure,' ses I, 'an' while I'm choosin' it, come in and have a glass o' cider, for it's a real warm day,' and I liked the soft fashion of his way of talk. He drank his cider and talked a bit, and then thanked me so's I felt I'd done a heap for him. 'You've been very kind to me,' he ses, with that soft sigh in his words, 'and I'm a stranger in a strange land. I'll never see my own home again,' ses he, 'nor the shieling under the purple hill, nor the stars above the loch, nor my father foldin' the sheep. Eh! my home!' ses he, and the look in his eyes went to my heart. He thanked me again and went off quick down the road to Brand's, which in them days was the next house to this. I saw him stop on the way to pick wild roses from the bush.

"I'd talked to him maybe ten minutes; but he was the kind that makes 'emselves missed, and I thought a lot o' him,—o' the dusty, brown man but little younger than myself, with the wonderful soft tongue and the hillman's walk,—so like me in years, so different in all else—ah! Lord above, so different! I was far from envying him then. I'm not sure I don't envy him now. Time and again I looked up, half hopin' I'd see him stop at my door before he took the road to Brand's.

"He came to take that road often. You'll understand I don't remember everything. I don't hold all the thread o' the story clear, only a piece here and there. The first clear bit is this I've told you, my first knowledge o' Hamish Murray. The next link comes some time after, I guess it, for in the interval he'd become well known and better liked and watched for in all the farms and townships 'tween here and Westaway. Because we were talkin' of him on this day I told you of,—me and Silas and Tom Appleby and Macky Carter,—talkin' of him and his queer ways and his homesick speech, when in comes Serena Brand, straight as a young poplar, in laylock calico with that way o' carryin' her head that made a man feel like a turnip.

"I went on cuttin' ham for Macky and talkin', and I was young, and fuller of opinions than a apple is o' seeds. 'He's a nice feller,' ses I of Murray, 'and talks like a book; but it ain't no life for a hearty man havin' his senses, totin' a little waggon full o' patty-pans round the country. A thrifless pedlar,' ses I, superior-like, 'is little use to himself or others. 'Tis no life to respect in a man,' ses I, cuttin' ham.

"There was a flutter of laylock ribands, and Serena

stood facin' me. I remember her eyes was snappin' like sparks. 'No life to respect in a man?' ses she, in her low voice. 'It's as worthy of respect as the life spent behind a counter puttin' pebbles in the currants and water in the molasses,' ses she. 'Better a man should cheat himself out of wealth,' she ses, 'than cheat his neighbour's kid out of a cent's worth of taffy so that he could put it in the plate of a Sunday,' ses she. I remember how she floated out of the store like a laylock cloud, and how my ears burned.

"And then the mist shuts down again and the thread's lost. It's so long ago, so long ago. But I've an idea Murray took the road to Brand's more and more often, and that his eyes got lonelier, and he spoke more often of his home. 'Eh! my home!' he'd say, only he said it different. As for Serena, she'd scarce speak civil to him. If they passed on the road, he'd pull off his dusty hat, and look at her with them wistful eyes. And she'd pass with her eyes down and that little bend to her neck that made a man feel like a bunch o' beets, and whitey ones at that.

"The next thing that comes clear in my memory is that it's spring, wet and late, and the Knistenay in flood between here and Westaway, and no gettin' across. Then it's said that a man's tried the ford and been swept down to his death. And then it's said that the man's Hamish Murray. I dunno who ses so first. But it comes clear in my mind, the memory of four or five of us standing here in this store; of someone saying he'd left here three days ago for Westaway and hadn't got there; of someone else saying the wreck of his cart had been found at the Narrows four miles down; and of us being wretched down to our toes we'd ever made light o' Murray; and of me droppin' the measure he'd sold me down the well, it made me feel so bad.

"Then I remember the door openin' and Serena coming in, her eyes like fire and her face like chalk. 'I've heard,' ses she, 'and there's just one chance for Hamish. He may have been swept down to Gouttiere Island. Two men were once, and were found alive on it. We could cross to it above the rapids, trusting to the current. He may be alive on it now. Who'll come with me and see?' And such was her eyes, and such was her voice, that in two minutes three badly-scared men was trottin' after her to the river. Five had been willin', but she only wanted three, and she picked the strongest, of which I was one, spite o' what she said about the taffy.

"I remember the rush and swirl o' that brown current, I remember the thick yellow curves o' foam held rigid in the eddies, I remember the young spruces ridin' high upon the flood, and the pines washed down from the hills. Then, with, in my memory, no interval, we're all four in a big boat, pullin' like mad, and the river rushin' us down on Gouttiere Island.

"I remember the racing brown flood beneath us, the racing gray sky above, and Serena in the bows, still and steady. We was doin' the craziest thing I ever had a share in, and I told myself so at the time. But we'd seen her eyes and there was no more to be said. We'd looked at each other and follered like sheep.

"I remember that wild adventure on the deep waters, like as if it all happened in five minutes. Lookin' back forty years, it doesn't seem no time till the current flung us on Gouttiere, most wonderfully preserved. Gouttiere is nothin' but a pile o' rocks in the rapids, with a few spruces on top. And as if it were yesterday, I mind Serena leapin' up the rocks, her hands at her mouth, callin', callin', 'Hamish, O, Hamish!' she cried. And again,—'Hamish, O, Hamish, O, Hamish!' her voice risin' wild as a bird's above the thunder o' the rapids. I mind thinkin' as I toiled after her, that the very dead might wake at the sound o' such a voice, if love might bring them back.

"Macky panted behind me. 'It's against all reason she'll find him,' he ses, 'but, thanks be, reason ain't everythin'.' And we heard Serena call 'Hamish, O Hamish!' And we saw her stop, and look down between two rocks, and fall on her knees. 'She's found him,' ses Macky, 'and he's dead.' And we began to run.

"But, as you know, he wasn't dead, though near it. The river had flung him on the island, bruised and beaten two rocks, and half-drowned. And there he'd been since, with nothin' to eat and no fire. He was lyin' among the rocks, talkin' to himself, clean off his head, and no wonder. His hands was full o' little wild flowers he'd found, and

he was talkin' to 'em in what I take was the Gaelic. But I heard the word 'Serena.'

"I went softly forward. Serena had shrunk back at the sound o' her name and the sight o' the plight he was in, and stood with her face in her hands, shaking. I slipped my arm round Murray. 'You're safe, old boy,' ses I, which he wasn't, 'we've come to take you home.'

"'Home?' ses he, lookin' up at me. 'I've no home,' he ses, and his eyes was like an owl's, and he was that weak he could scarcely shape the words in his soft way of talkin'. 'I've no home,' he ses, 'tis over the sea and I'll know it no more all the days o' my life,' ses he, and his head fell back on my arm and I thought he was gone.

"Serena crept nearer among the rocks, and—"Hamish, O, Hamish!" ses she under her breath.

"'Buck up, old feller,' ses I, distracted and foolish like, 'I tell you we've come to take you home with us.'

"'Where's my home?' ses he, wild and faint as a ghost's voice. And with that Serena thrust me aside and held out her arms.

"'Here, Hamish,' she ses, 'where'd your home be but in my heart, Hamish,' she ses, 'forever and ever, amen?'

"Aye, we reached shore again, though how we fared through the rapids is past tellin'. And the life afterwards of Serena and Hamish you know as well as I, Jim. But whenever I think o' them that's gone I think of her voice that day,—'Where'd your home be but in my heart, Hamish, for ever and ever, amen?' And his home was there for nigh upon forty years."

Actresses in the Peerage

BY the death of the Countess of Clancarty, once Belle Bilton, the music-hall star, we are again reminded, says the London (England) "News," how often the ranks of our peeresses have been recruited from the stage.

Why so many peers should marry actresses is a question not easy to answer. Miss Camille Clifford, however, who only recently wedded a putative peer in the Hon. Henry Bruce, the heir of Lord Aberdare, essayed on one occasion a reply to it. The secret, she considered, was one of impression. Actresses, she told us, always convey the impression "that they are uncommonly charming. And it is the first impression that very often lasts." In any case, every match of the kind she could think of had turned out well.

That is eminently true as regards the marriage of the Countess of Clancarty. The dead lady was a pattern wife and mother. Her shrewd business capacity proved of the utmost help to her husband in the management of his estates. In society she moved with dignity and grace as became her high position, and gained friendships everywhere, amongst others that of her Majesty the Queen. She will be sadly missed, especially by her four children, the eldest of whom, Lord Kilconnel, the heir, is only fifteen.

Looking back, the number of actresses who have entered the very highest circles of the aristocracy is really astonishing. The third Earl of Peterborough, in 1724, wedded the beautiful Anastasia Robinson, and, what is more, challenged several persons to duels because they threw doubts upon the legality of the marriage, which took place secretly. The original Polly Peachum of Gay's Beggars' Opera, Lavinia Fenton, was espoused by the third Duke of Bolton in 1751; while the twelfth Earl of Derby, in 1797, took as his second wife the fascinating Eliza Farren. Miss Louisa Brunton, very popular in her day as a singer and dancer, wedded the first Earl of Craven in 1807. She comes well down to our time, for she did not die till 1860, having outlived her husband 35 years. In 1813 Mary Bolton, playing the part of a sprightly chambermaid, so captivated the second Baron Thurlow that he married her a fortnight after making her acquaintance. Then there is the noted instance of Harriett Mellon, so prominently recalled by the lamented death of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Miss Mellon's beauty and acting had made her the rage of the town when in 1815 she married Thomas Coutts, the banker. When he died in 1822 he left her all his wealth. She married the Duke of St. Albans five years later, but never forgot the Coutts' family, and when she died, as all the world knows, her wealth went to the then Miss Burdett, Thomas Coutts's granddaughter, whose noble use of it will be remembered for ever.

One actress had two titled husbands in her time. This was Miss Fanny Braham, who was four times wedded. In 1829 she married Mr. Waldegrave, and when he died a year later went to the altar with the seventh Earl Waldegrave. He died in 1846, and in 1847 she married the eldest son of the Archbishop of York, Mr. Granville Harcourt. Left a widow again in 1861 she two years later married Lord Carlingford, and became a noted personage in politics, her house at Strawberry-hill, until her death in 1870, being a rallying centre for the chiefs of the Liberal Party. Other noted unions of peers with players in the early days of the 19th century were those of Miss Maria Foote with the Earl of Harrington, in 1831; and Kitty Stevens, the original "Polly Perkins of Paddington-green," with the fifth Earl of Essex, in 1838.

Coming nearer to the present time, it may be remem-

bered that the Earl of Euston, in 1871, married the well-known actress, Miss Kate Walsh, who died in 1903. Another marriage which created some sensation was that of the fourth Marquis of Ailesbury, in 1884, to Miss Dolly Tester.

It was in 1889 that the late Countess of Clancarty was married to the then Lord Dunlop, and the next stage romance came in 1892. In that year the present Lord Orkney married Miss Constance Gilchrist, the charming Gaiety actress, whose dancing was one of the great attractions of the famous Strand house. They are a very happy couple, and the countess, who is a well-known figure in the hunting-field, is exceedingly popular. She has one child, Lady Mary Constance Fitzmaurice, who was born in 1903.

A marriage that has since been dissolved was that of Lord Francis Hope in 1804 to Miss May Yohe, the "coon" singer. Much better luck has attended the union in 1901 of Lord Clonmell to Miss Estelle Berridge. They are a devoted couple, and they have one charming child, born in 1902, Lady Moira Nora Scott. The year 1901 also saw the marriage of the Gaiety actress, Miss Rosie Boot, to the Marquis of Headfort. They were also very happy, and have a sturdy son and heir, Terence Geoffrey, Earl of Bective, who was born in 1902.

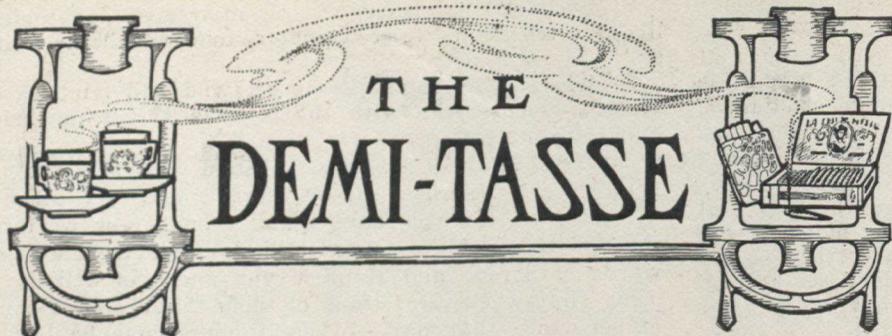
In March, 1905, the actor-peer Lord Rosslyn, married Miss Anna Robinson, the celebrated American actress, and a later year witnessed the entrance of two actresses into the peerage in one week. Miss Eva Carrington, who was taking the part of a Gibson Girl in "Bluebell in Fairyland," at Aldwych theatre, married the 25th Baron de Clifford, and Miss Frances Donnelly, one of the original "Floradora" beauties, wedded Lord Ashburton. Both peers are keen sportsmen, and both peeresses are fond of outdoor sports, so these husbands and wives get on capitally together.

An Unusual Tribute

POLITICAL meetings in Canada are not often characterised by personal violence, however fiercely the opposing candidates may differ on matters of tariff and remedial legislation. There was a time when missiles were thrown and free fights ensued, but those days of fistic argument have gone with the corduroy roads and home-made soft soap.

Mr. Keir Hardie, the English Labour Leader, has recently had an experience which shows that the path of the political agitator is not always strewn with roses. He was invited to speak at the Cambridge Guildhall by the local Labour committee, but the junior members of the university prepared for him an unflattering reception. A bottle, containing what was said to be sulphuretted hydrogen, was hurled into the hall and diffused an aroma which was not of Araby the Blest.

On the appearance of Mr. Hardie he was greeted with a playful fusilade of lump sugar and oranges. However, the Labour Leader spoke manfully on and secured twenty minutes' hearing. But on his first mention of "socialism" the uproar was renewed and he finally retired in a shower of lump sugar and a farewell salute of the raw material of marmalade. To be hissed or stoned or even spat upon has its dignifying compensations, for "so persecuted they the prophets." But to have disapproval expressed in saccharine and fruity form is to be made a little lower than the suffragettes.



WHEN STEAD CAME TO TORONTO.

WILLIAM the Unsteady, whom a United Stateser unkindly calls the Editor of "Refuse of Refuse," came to the town of Toronto last week and stirred up the journalistic world in the gentle way characteristic of this Preacher of Peace. Those inhabitants of the capital of Ontario who heard the thrilling accents of the loudest William that has been, realised the truth of the New York conclusion: "When it comes to dragging peace in by the ears, cropping her wings and setting her down hard, he is the man for the job."

Various tales are told regarding Mr. Stead's non-appearance at the Canadian Club, before which he had been advertised to speak. Some said that William was hoarse, others asserted that a certain journal had persuaded the powers of that club to refrain from listening to unreason. There were all sorts of interesting yarns; and like Mr. Kipling's methods for constructing tribal lays, "every single one of them was right." But the choicest of them all was to the effect that Mr. Stead refused to address the Canadian Club because, forsooth, no women are allowed to listen to the spellbinding addresses delivered before that assembly of aspiring and perspiring Canadian manhood. His reply to a Chicago club which requested the benefit of a few remarks went like lubricated lightning through the evening papers: "No women, no Stead." How the suffragettes must love that man!

It has always been considered rather shabby of the Canadian Club to keep the sisterhood of Toronto outside the door. Then some of these men have the audacity to complain that Canadian women are so deadly dull when it comes to a discussion of political affairs—so awfully behind English women, don't you know. Various excuses are offered for excluding the voteless sex from these audiences—such as the navy-blue atmosphere and the inconvenience of the hour; but the women shrewdly suspect that the wife of a prominent Canadian Clubber was in the right when she remarked: "Jim says they don't want us around." The hazy record remains that My Lady Nicotine is the only charming creature who has been able to enjoy the after-luncheon oratory of the Canadian Club.

But Stead has gone, leaving the community impressed with his genius for the spot-light. Pears' Soap, Sapolio, Peruna, Soothing Syrup, Coffee Cures, Breakfast Bran—all these are poorly advertised commodities in comparison with William the Unweary. And the beauty of it is that he does it all himself.

J. G.

DIFFICULT.

Instructor in Public Speaking: "What is the matter with you, Mr. Jones? Can't you speak any louder? Be more enthusiastic. Open your mouth and throw yourself into it."—Harvard Lampoon.

JUST FIELD'S WAY.

When Eugene Field was at the height of his local fame, there lived in Kansas City one George Gaston, whose cafe was the resort of all the "choice spirits" of the town. He fairly worshipped Field, who made Gaston's place famous by entertainments there, and by frequent squibs in the local paper. Although George had a rule suspending credit when the checks given in advance of pay amounted to more than a customer's weekly salary, he never thought of enforcing it in the case of 'Gene. At

Christmas-time Field's credit was under a cloud of checks for twenty-five and fifty cents, or more, amounting in total to \$143.50; but, touched by some simple piece that Field had written, George presented the bill for the full amount, indorsed "Paid in full."

"How's this, George?" said Field.
"Oh, that's all right," answered George.
"But this is receipted," continued the debtor.

"Sure!" said the gracious creditor.
"Am I to understand," said Field, with a gravity that should have warned his friend, "that I have paid this bill in full?"

"In full's what I said," murmured the unsuspecting dispenser, enjoying to the full his own magnanimity.

"Well, sir," said Field, raising his voice without relaxing a muscle, "is it not customary in Missouri to set up the wine when one gentleman pays another gentleman in full?"

George could scarcely breathe for a moment, but gradually recovered sufficiently to mumble: "Gents, this is on yours truly. What'll you have?"—Lippincott's.

* *



How it Happened.

Farmer Medders: "Was Deacon Burlap buried from the house?"
Farmer Green: "No, from the back yard. His wife was house cleaning."—N. Y. Life.

* *

ONE WAY OF DOING IT.

Mrs. Lawson—"How can Mrs. Wykeleigh afford to keep three servants?"

Mrs. Dawson—"Oh, she plays bridge with them every Monday afternoon and wins back all their wages."

* *

A MARK TWAIN STORY.

Mark Twain once received a letter from his brother, who complained that he was afflicted with a boil and the jumping toothache at the same time, and inquired if he had ever heard of a worse combination.

"No," wrote the sympathetic "Mark," "and I can imagine only one that might be worse—that would be to have inflammatory rheumatism and St. Vitus' dance at the same time!"

* *

WE WONDER.

Canadian teachers are not yet so well paid that they will fail to appreciate the following story from across the line. Senator Rayner of Maryland is in favour of adequate salaries for school teachers and at a reception he told about a teachers' meeting in a district where the salaries are extremely low. A rich, portly banker opened the meeting with an address which was of the usual patronising order, indicating that teaching is a noble and divine work, which means the making of the nation. The

banker concluded his unctuous remarks with an enthusiastic gesture and the words "Long live our school teachers!"

"What on?" shouted a thin, pale, seedy man in a black coat slightly smeared with chalk marks.

* *

SPRING IS SPRUNG.

The croak of the crocus is heard in the land,
The bulbs are beginning to bubble.
The robin is throbbin' on every hand,
The sparrow is sparrin' for trouble.
The coalman is looking quite chilly and coaled—

An anthra-cite sorry to look on—
The iceman is figuring profits untold
From crops on the banks of the Yukon.

'Fluenzy is sneezing and nosing around,
The worm from his warm bed is worming;

The rills are all trilling with musical sound,
High seaward they're merrily squirming.
The blossoms are blustering forth on the trees,

The cowbells are plaintively ringing—
By which and the soft soapy feel of my knees,

I know that the Spring is a-springing.
—J. K. Bangs.

* *

HOW IT WORKED.

"My boy," said the editor of the Bills-ville "Bugle" to the new reporter, "you lack caution. You must learn not to state things as facts until they are proved facts—otherwise you are very apt to get us into libel suits. Do not say 'the cashier stole the funds'; say 'the cashier who is alleged to have stolen the funds.' That's all now, and—ah—turn in a stickful about that Second Ward Social last night."

Owing to an influx of visitors it was late in the afternoon before the genial editor of the "Bugle" caught a glimpse of the great family daily. Half-way down the social column his eyes lit on the following cautious paragraph:

"It is rumoured that a card party was given last evening to a number of reputed ladies of the Second Ward. Mrs. Smith, gossip says, was the hostess and the festivities are reported to have continued until 10.30 in the evening. It is alleged that the affair was a social function given to the ladies of the Second Ward Cinch Club, and that with the exception of Mrs. James Bilwilliger, who says she comes from Leavits Junction, none but members were present. The reputed hostess insists that coffee and wafers alone were served as refreshments.

"The Smith woman claims to be the wife of John Smith, the so-called 'Honest Shoe Man' of 315 East State Street."

Shortly afterward a whirling mass, claiming to be a reporter on the "Bugle," flew fifteen feet into the street and landed with what bystanders allege was a dull, sickening thud.—Gazette.

* *

A DROWSY JURYMAN.

A French barrister, whose client had the misfortune to be found guilty, appealed on the ground that during the trial a juryman was asleep. The Court of Cassation has held that the juryman, being asleep, was technically not present during the hearing, and has quashed the verdict and ordered a new trial.

* *



Arms and The

Mrs. Flanagan: "Well, I suppose we'll soon be having policemen, and then you'll be out of a job."

P. C. Flanagan: "No, my dear, I fancy ye'll find the strong arm of the law will always be wearin' the throusers."—Punch.

British Gossip

IN spite of the oburgations of Father Bernard Vaughan, frivolous society is unchanged. His condemnation of dog worship did not affect the attendance at the show of the Ladies' Kennel Association. Racing is said to be one of the few social pastimes not forbidden by the clerical censor, but this report does not necessarily account for the increased popularity of the Easter racing. The Irish, who come naturally by their love of a good horse, have had the usual "Queen's weather" for the Punchestown Meeting. The Lord-Lieutenant attended in state but Lady Aberdeen



Lady Milbanke.

Who ran her own horse, Golden Shore, for the Kildare Cup, at Punchestown.

was absent, on plea of rheumatism. However, it was hinted that the serious tastes of the Viceroy's consort rather disincline her from anything more frivolous than a "lace ball." That there were pretty women everywhere hardly needs to be chronicled—for was not this famous Meeting on Irish soil? For the Kildare Hunt Cup, Lady Milbanke had entered her racer, "Golden Shore." This fair sportswoman is very popular in Erin's isle as she possesses both good looks and wit, either of which is a passport to Hibernian circles.

* *

This is the Twentieth Century, an era entirely free from those absurd and delightful fancies, known as superstitions. No one believes in ghosts—in the daytime—and a haunted house is as ridiculous as the castles in Spain which went up so airily in the days before disillusion and electric cars. But even in these drearly practical days, the story of an ill-fated house is one to which we listen with open ears, however incredulous may be the mind. Dalham Hall, Bury Saint Edmunds, where Captain Ernest Rhodes recently died, has the reputation of being an unlucky abode. Mr. Cecil Rhodes bought it, a year before he died, and left it to his brother, Colonel Frank Rhodes, who died in 1905 and then to Captain Ernest Rhodes. The evil fortune of the house is attributed to the fact that it is built on the site of a famous old monastery which was despoiled and plundered at the time of the Reformation. The Afflecks, from whom Dalham was bought, were remarkable for their reverses and the career of future owners will be watched with interest.

* *

Modern enterprise is sparing no romantic spot in search for "power." Even the lakes of Scotland are not safe from the utilitarian experimenter. Parliamentary sanction is about to be sought to a scheme for using the waters of Loch Awe for the purpose of a new process of manufacturing steel by means of electric furnaces, energy for which is supplied by water power. To obtain the necessary head of water it is proposed to erect a huge dam which would raise the water level some eleven feet. The Marquis of Breadalbane, whose estates border upon the loch, will offer opposition to the scheme on the ground that its effect would be to destroy the salmon fishing on the Awe. What true sportsman does not sympathise with the remonstrating Marquis? The salmon must be sacred from all encroachments, electric or otherwise. The Scottish

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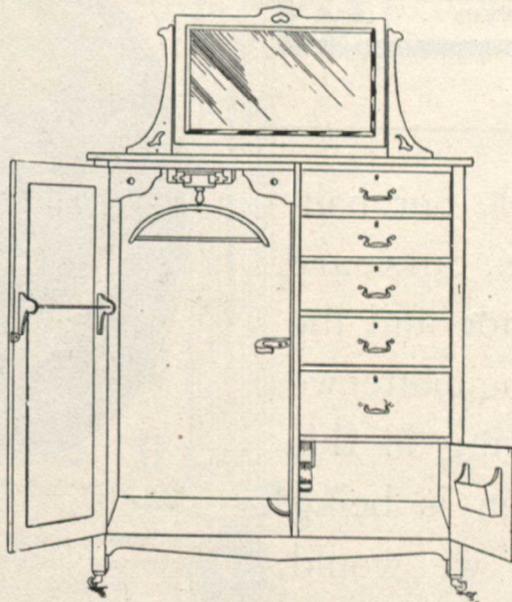
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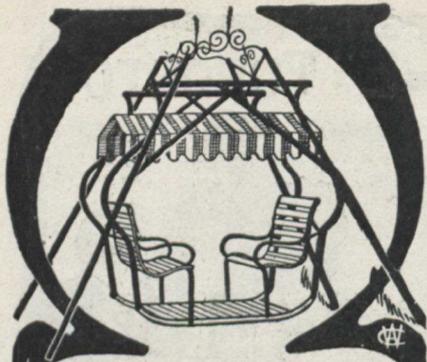
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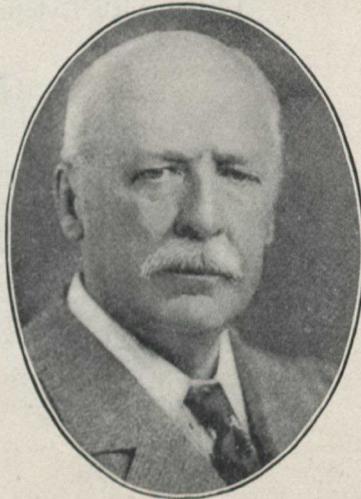
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public seems to be in accord with the gentleman with a grievance and the Marquis will have general support, for one touch of sportsmanship makes the whole world kin.

It is generally acknowledged that Mr. Chamberlain's silence at this juncture means the utter breakdown of the man who grasped more fully than any other statesman of his day the meaning of the colonies. One's fancy turns from the pageantry of Guildhall to the quiet of the southern retreat where the man who both dreamed and worked is nearing the Great Perhaps. Whatever may be the future of his tariff scheme, the service Joseph Chamberlain rendered colonial expansion remains as the truest imperialism. Strange compound of the practical reformer and the political pioneer, he possessed a native force that made him a dominating figure. Lord Elgin and Mr. Winston Churchill are doing their diplomatic best. But a Colonial Conference without the keen-faced member from Birmingham is to many the play without the prince. It is a matter of dinners, not destiny. "Once in our time, there was a man."

Lord Cromer's resignation removes what is justly called "a great Caesarean figure" from the government of the Empire—for Egypt is only figuratively speaking outside the African dominions of King Edward. The plea of ill health which Lord Cromer urged is regarded as entirely candid. The Department with which he was associated was the Foreign Office and Sir Edward Grey is too appreciative of the services of an ideal pro-Consul to desire anything but



The Earl of Cromer.

his continuance in office. Indeed, the Foreign Secretary displayed unusual emotion when he declared: "His retirement from Egypt is the greatest personal loss which the public service of this country could suffer." Since 1883, Evelyn Baring, Earl of Cromer, has been British Agent and Consul-General in Egypt, and the story of his administration is a record that is "writ large" in the development of a country and the uplift of a people. John Bull, who is never blind to financial proof, contemplates with respect and admiration the sheet which shows that Egyptian securities were contemptuously regarded in 1883, that in 1887 the Budget balanced and that in 1889 there was a surplus of more than two hundred thousand pounds. "A man of Empire, he has succeeded in spite of European opposition and Mahomedan intrigue, in making the wilderness blossom as the rose and has accomplished it by sheer force of character." Since 1876 when, as Major Evelyn Baring, he was appointed by the Khedive, British Commissioner of the Egyptian Public Debt he has seen a stirring drama played, with the pyramids for background. Tel-el-Kebir and Omdurman have been written red in British annals. Assuan and Assiut have shown the triumphs of modern engineering skill. Egypt, the land of ancient miracles, has seen the making of a new nation since '76 and though more than forty centuries are looking down from the pyramids they have probably regarded no manlier figure than that which now turns from the scene of a monumental life-work.

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THE TALK

VANCOUVER ISLAND.

(Victoria Times.)

MR. WILLIAM WHITE, second vice-president of the C.P.R., has made the important announcement in Winnipeg that his company will immediately proceed with the active construction of branch lines upon Vancouver Island. Mr. White made no specific statement in regard to the branches to be built, but it is well known that the E. & N. will be extended northward, and that feeders will be built to Cowichan Lake and to Alberni. These branches will promote the rapid settlement of Vancouver Island and result in an immediate substantial increase of population. Incidentally they will bring about rail connection with the mainland, because where the population is there will business be centred, and where there is business railways will come to share in it.

* *



Lord Aylmer

Who has recently retired from the position of Inspector-General of the Canadian Militia after many years of service. He was born at Melbourne, Que., in 1842. For many years he was in the Imperial Service, and transferred to the Canadian Militia in 1870. He was Adjutant-General for ten years.

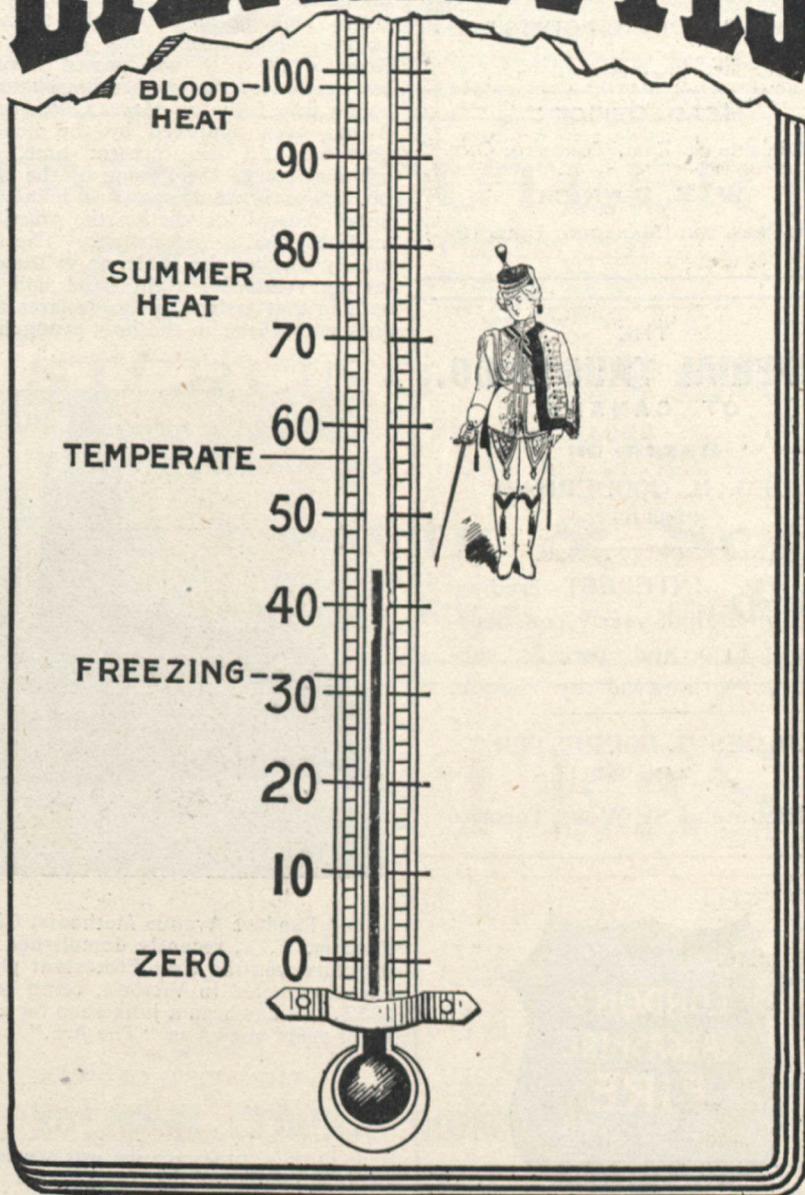
* *

AN EXCITING EXPLORATION.

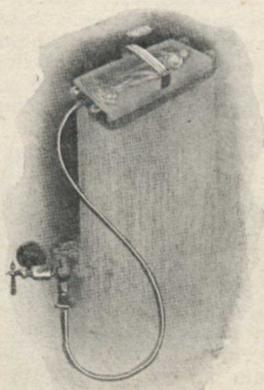
Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, accompanied by Mr. E. A. Preble, biologist of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, is to set out on the most important trip of exploration which he has ever made in the west. Their ultimate destination, says the "Manitoba Free Press," is the barren district lying to the east and north of Great Slave Lake. In order to reach this point the travellers will proceed west to Edmonton and from there by stage to Athabasca Landing. From this point they will go north to Athabasca Lake and thence by the Slave River to Great Slave Lake. From the lake they will proceed by canoe north and east, beginning thus their real work. The entire summer will be spent in paddling through the network of rivers and lakes of the country, every opportunity being taken to study the conditions which obtain there. The party will be a very small one and the two canoe-men will probably be secured at Athabasca Landing. Mr. Seton told an interviewer that his primary object is to obtain typical pictures of the wild animals which are found there. The musk ox and the caribou are to be objects of special study.

But Mr. Seton also desires to investigate this great area as a scene of possible colonisation. He believes that it compares fav-

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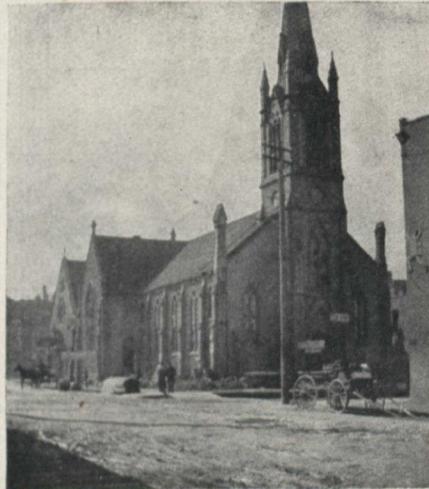
orably with that high plateau of which the interior of Norway consists. The barren lands of the north are so called, not because they are really barren, but only because they do not produce trees. Moss and grass, however, are produced without limit. At the present time there are no inhabitants in a large portion of this great area. Mr. Seton and his friend will have a few Eskimo in the country to the north of them and the Yellow-Knife Indians to the south. Many a boy will envy them their summer in the wilderness.

* *

THE NEW COURT OATH.

Within a few days the kissing of the Bible as a form of taking the oath will pass away in the courts of Quebec province. In the future it will be necessary merely to rest the right hand upon the Bible while taking the oath to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. The statute which enacts this change in the form of the oath was passed during the last session of the Quebec Legislature, and comes into force on May 13, 60 days after it has been approved by the lieutenant-governor. At the present time, in the criminal courts the kissing of the Bible is no longer insisted upon, as in all courts under federal jurisdiction the practice was made optional some time ago. The witness merely touches the Bible, or in some cases merely raises his right hand and makes oath in that fashion, if he declares that he does not believe in the holy evangelists.

* *



Old Pandora Avenue Methodist Church, Victoria, B.C., recently demolished. The structure was the first Protestant place of worship erected in Victoria, being built in 1853. It has been a junk shop for a number of years known as "The Ark."

* *

THE COST OF WAR. (From New York Life.)

The most effectual charge that can be made in these times against war seems to be the one mentioned by Ambassador Bryce at one of the peace-with-champagne dinners—that it is bad business. The nations don't mind war being wicked, for, once it is started, its wickedness doesn't count; but it being so outrageously expensive is a matter which, nowadays, is never out of the minds of statesmen, and makes them solicitous to compose differences while they are still in such a case that they can be handled. Russia would not have fought with Japan when she did if her government had been in responsible hands. Her intelligent statesmen who could add up figures knew better than to let her, and tried their best to keep her out of it. England would hardly undertake to whip the Boers again at the price, and, undoubtedly, if the foresight of our own ambitious country had been as well informed and accurate as its hindsight some cheaper method would have been found to relieve the strain put on our sympathies in 1898 by the sufferings of the wards of Spain. War is very, very rarely worth what it costs, and the people on the earth seem gradually to be coming to realise it. Mr. Bryce could recall only one war in the last sixty years which seemed to him to be necessary.

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Smith's Falls has a baby that holds the record for sleep. It has gone three days, less ten minutes, without waking. Any town that can beat this should shout.

* *

In a Western Ontario town, one of the councillors got some good advice from a ratepayer as to how the town should be run. The councillor examined the newspaper and found it had the name of a large department store as its watermark, and he published the fact. The critical ratepayer may as well leave that town. He is a marked man as long as he stays there.

* *

Any month with "r" in it was supposed to be a good month in which to eat oysters. The Dominion authorities have killed this little sentiment by enacting that during April and September no one may catch, buy or sell Canadian oysters. So vanish the dreams and beliefs of our youth!

* *

The Canadian trade returns for the last nine months show an increase in foreign buying and selling of fifty-five millions. One of the chief reasons for this prosperity is the founding of The Canadian Courier and its effect upon public sentiment.

* *

Everything is going up in price. Rural postmasters are now selling at a minimum of \$50 as compared with \$25. This is a wonderful era.

* *

The Toronto News has been striving to get out among the "successful" papers, which are those that pay a dividend. It has probably succeeded, for it is now quoted by the patent medicine advertisers. This is a sure sign.

* *

In declaring that the Englishman stands for all that is best in humanity Sir Frederick Borden delivers himself of one of those neatly creased opinions that caused John Bull to fold his hands over his comfortable stomach and exclaim, "What a profound observer!"—Toronto Star.

* *

Any lawyer working for the public or the government expects \$100 a day for his appearance in court or before any public body. The members of the House of Commons during the session which just closed actually "sat" 94 days. At the lawyers' rate their fee would be \$9,400; but it was only \$2,500. (P.S.—We make no reduction in subscription price to members of Parliament.)

* *

The greatest question in sporting circles these days is as follows: "If giving Longboat, the great Indian runner, a present of five hundred dollars' worth of silver would not make him a professional, what effect would be produced if he is given five hundred dollars' worth of education?"

* *

It is said that 15,000 shares of Detroit United Railway are held in Montreal, Quebec, Sorel and St. Hyacinthe. And yet the people of Quebec say they are the true Canadians, and that Ontario is decidedly American! Guess the people of both provinces are about the same.

* *

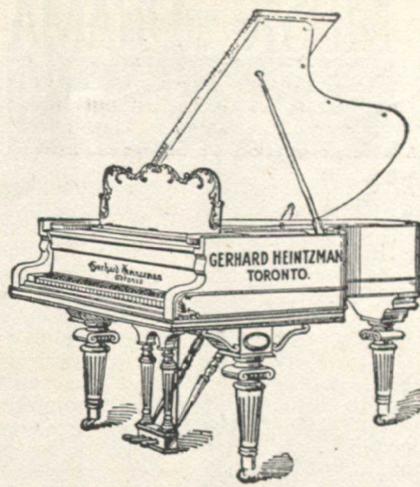
There are people who despise the "fan" and the "rooter" at base-ball and lacrosse matches, but these same dignified, pompous and smoothly dressed individuals would not care to have the public hear all the language used on the golf-links or the bowling-green. Moreover, base-ball and lacrosse do not necessarily lead to excessive indulgence in strong drink.

* *

A CLASS IN ARITHMETIC.

(Washington Star.)

"Your husband says that when he is angry he always counts ten before he speaks," said one woman. "Yes," answered the other. "I wish he'd stop it. Since he got dyspepsia home seems nothing but a class in arithmetic."



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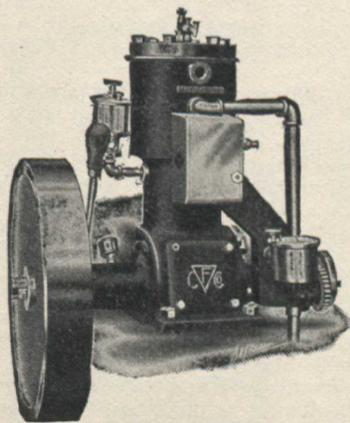
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MUSIC & THE DRAMA

THE Buffalo Orpheus, the leading German society of the Bison City, is making extensive preparations for the three-day visit of the Wiener Maennergesang-Verein, Vienna's renowned male choral society. More than sixty years ago, in 1843, a number of Vienna singers assembled at the call of Dr. August Schmidt and formed what is now famous as the greatest choral organisation in Austria. The requirements for admission to this distinguished body differ somewhat from those made in a more democratic community. Before one can be known as a member, two persons who already enjoy that honour must vouch for his social position. Then the director examines him as to quality of voice, sight-reading and his general musical culture. No exceptions are made, which is a remarkable circumstance in a country where aristocratic social standards are dominant.

The members include the most prominent men in Vienna. Among them are officers of the royal government, artists, lawyers, physicians, authors. All are comparatively wealthy and the society pays its own expenses on all trips and gives the entire proceeds to charity. This condition of affairs also sounds strange to the Canadian citizen, who finds it difficult to grasp the idea of a choral society de-luxe.

The singers sailed from Genoa, landing at New York last Saturday. Nearly two hundred of them will make the trip. The importance ascribed to the tour is shown by the fact that fifteen of the leading newspapers of Europe will send special correspondents with the society. Two days will be spent in New York. Then the singers will visit Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, where they will sing before President Roosevelt. Three of the fourteen days allotted to the American trip will be spent in Buffalo. On Monday, May 13th a concert is to be given in Convention Hall, where the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto has also been heard. Parties from several Canadian towns, will attend this event. While it is to be regretted that Canada is not included in the society's itinerary, the coming of such an organisation to this continent cannot fail to be of general benefit.

* *

The Pinero play, "His House in Order," in which Mr. John Drew has the leading part, that of the suavest of diplomatists, who steers as cleverly through domestic storms as through political tempests, has been delighting Canadian audiences. The story of the drama has become so well known during its prolonged success in London and New York that the local theatre-goer was prepared for the climax of the third act which is one of Mr. Pinero's most vivid pieces of work. Miss Roebuck as "Nina" attains a triumph such as few seasons afford. The didactic attempt to attach a "moral" to the play is ill-advised. The conclusion drawn by the matinee girl is that a little letter is a dangerous thing and that the first wife's relations should be kept at calling distance by the second victim.

* *

A new horror has been added to life. Melodramas on the "unwritten law" are to come to town and lurid play-bills exploiting the most tiresome trial that has been will make the highway hideous. There has been some talk lately of a censor for Toronto theatrical performances. This is the sort of thing for which such an officer is sadly needed. Canada is always patting itself on the back for its alleged decorum. A visitor from the United States recently asserted that plays and posters which would not be tolerated in some cities across the border are allowed in professedly respectable Canadian communities. The managers of high-class theatres are friendly to the appointment of a censor. Every month in Canadian cities plays are produced which are decidedly degrading. The "unwritten law" production is likely to be of the worst class.



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For the Children

WILLIE'S SPEECH.

I am just a little fellow and I can't say much. My speech is this: I am glad I am a boy. I had rather be a boy than a girl, or anything. Boys have good times. They can swim and skate and coast, ride horse-back, climb trees, play hop toad, make cart-wheels of themselves, and slide down the bannisters, and most girls can't. I wouldn't be a girl—no, not if you'd give me the best jack-knife in the world.

* *

The fishes live in the little brook,
The birds live in the tree.
But home is the very nicest place
For a little child like me.
—Lima Culver in Kindergarten Review.

* *

WHICH?

By Jay Russell Jewell.
Mr. Ch! and Mr. Ah!
Are two jolly little things,
And we love to have them with us
For the merry times each brings.
When we hear that it is story-time,
Or when our kites fly high
And sail way up above us,
As if they'd touch the sky—
When Betty's six years old to-day,
And the birthday cake's aglow,
With its candles shining brightly
On the frosting just like snow—
Or when the circus p'rade goes past,
And all of us just try
To see what's in the wagons
With their little doors so high—
It's then that Mr. Oh! and Ah!
Come skipping on their toes,
And keep us feeling jolly
And forgetting all our woes.
But—Mr. Ouch! and Mr. Ow!
Are two cowards we should shun,
With their fretful, whining voices
Always spoiling all the fun.
They're with us when we tumble down,
Or when our tops won't spin,
Or when we have our faces washed,
And our jam is spread too thin!
Now when you choose your comrades,
Which pair will you allow,
Dear, jolly Mr. Oh! and Ah!
Or Mr. Ouch! and Ow!

* *

A dear little English girl told a friend the other day that it might be winter in the daytime, but it was always summer at night. When asked for an explanation, she said that her bed was always surrounded by buttercups and daisies and harebells and wild fox-gloves and sorrel and clover. And they talked to her in her dreams, and told her how the fairies washed their faces in the dew of the morning long before she was up, and how they breathed little messages into their ears, so that they might repeat them to her directly she should wake. When the child was asked how it came that these especial flowers were always with her, she solemnly said, "I will tell you a secret. One summer some people plucked all these flowers and threw them away in the road. And I picked them up lest any one should tread on them, and took them home and gave them water till they died. And now their ghosts come to me and say 'Thank you' to me whenever I go to sleep." Could prettiness reach a greater height?—Toronto Sunday World.

* *

THE NEW BABY.

She has my crib, she has my name,
(They called me "baby" fore she came)
And now they just say "son" and "Dick";
I'll have to grow up pretty quick
Because she has my mother, too,
And I don't know what I shall do!
I want her just the same at night
To hold my hand and hug me tight,
And sing to me, and let me creep
Into her lap and go to sleep.
"My nose is broken," but I know
It's not my nose that hurts me so.
Why, I can feel the zackly part,
It aches and aches all round my heart!
—Youth's Companion.

Don't Walk the Floor with Baby

But put your treasure in our

Little Beauty Hammock Cot

where babies never cry.



NOTE
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Literary Notes

A NEW YORK editor makes a criticism which applies so neatly to Canada that its quotation may be of practical benefit: "Many people still watch confidently for the appearance of 'the great American novel,' the idea of which some foolish publisher first gave expression to a few years ago. The notion still seems to prevail that when the time is ripe some novelist of continental magnitude will appear, who will put all that is worth while in American life into a single story, which will be accepted as the authoritative report of what men and women are, and are doing, on this continent."

Certain Canadian authorities seem to have borrowed the idea and are talking largely of "the" Canadian novel. Every new story by a Canadian author is gravely read in the light of this great hope. Mr. H. W. Mabie's declaration, "No such novel has ever been written anywhere," is worth remembering. Literature is wider than the Dominion of Canada, the Republic of the United States or the British Empire. "When Valmond Came to Pontiac" and "The Sky Pilot" are both Canadian yarns but are as far apart as the Laurentian Hills and the Rockies. Most of us prefer the former, some swear by the latter; but no one will deny their Canadianism. Neither Sir Gilbert nor the Reverend Ralph is going to write the great Canadian novel. Nor will Mr. W. A. Fraser, however straight be his fiction furrow. Mr. Mabie's conclusion comes home to us: "The great American novel will be a composite work, written by many hands, in many styles, during a long period of time. It will probably never be finished and it has already dozens of volumes."

* *

A reader of the "Canadian Courier" has asked for the words of Mr. Theodore Roberts' poem, "The Vagrant's Epitaph," and for the date of its appearance. It was published, we believe, in "Scribner's Magazine" for August, 1904 or 1905.

Change was his mistress, Chance his counsellor.
 Love could not keep him. Duty forged no chain.
 The wide seas and the mountains called to him,
 And gray dawns saw his camp-fires in the rain!
 Sweet hands must tremble!—Ay, but he must go.
 Revel might hold him for a little space,
 But turning, past the laughter and the lamps,
 His eyes must ever catch the luring face.
 Dear eyes might question!—Yea, and melt again,
 Rare lips, a-quiver, silently implore,
 But ever he must turn his furtive head
 And hear the other summons at the door.
 Change was his mistress, Chance his counsellor.
 The dark firs knew his whistle up the trail.
 Why tarries he to-day?—And yesternight
 Adventure lit her stars without avail!

* *

It is significant how this lure of the wild has appealed to most of our Canadian poets. The women writers also feel the gypsy charm of the open road and sing of its wayside beauty with a truly lyric note. In the "American Magazine" Isabel Ecclestone Mackay has a poem, "Wanderlust," which is a veritable pioneer song.

The highways and the byways, the kind sky folding all,
 And never a care to drag me back and never a voice to call;
 Only the call of the long white road to the far horizon's wall.

The glad seas and the mad seas, the seas on a night of June,
 And never a hand to beckon back from the path of the new-lit moon;
 Never a night that lasts too long or a dawn that breaks too soon!

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 \$1.00 up. European.

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Connecting with the Central Ontario Railway at Bannockburn.

Connecting with the Kingston & Pembroke Railway at Harrowsmith.

Connecting at Deseronto with steamers operating on the Bay of Quinte and Lake Ontario.

Trains leave Napanee for the north at 7.50 a.m., 12.10 p.m., 1.25 p.m., and 4.25 p.m.

Trains leave Tweed for the south at 7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m., and 2.55 p.m., and for the north leaving Tweed at 11.30 a.m. and 4.50 p.m.

Trains run between Deseronto and Napanee as follows:—

Leave Deseronto at 1.00 a.m., 1.40 a.m., 5.55 a.m., 7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m., 9.50 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 12.40 p.m., 12.55 p.m., 3.45 p.m., 6.10 p.m., 7.40 p.m.

Leave Napanee at 2.20 a.m., 3.30 a.m., 6.30 a.m., 6.35 p.m., 7.55 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 12.05 p.m., 1.20 p.m., 11.00 a.m., 4.30 p.m., 6.50 p.m., 8.15 p.m.

The Deseronto Navigation Company operate the str. "Ella Ross" and str. "Jessie Bain" running between Picton, Deseronto, Belleville and Trenton, as also the str. "Where Now" making the famous 50-mile ramble from Gananoque to all points in and around the Thousand Islands, connecting with all trains at Gananoque, as well as making the railway transfer between Gananoque and Clayton, N. Y.

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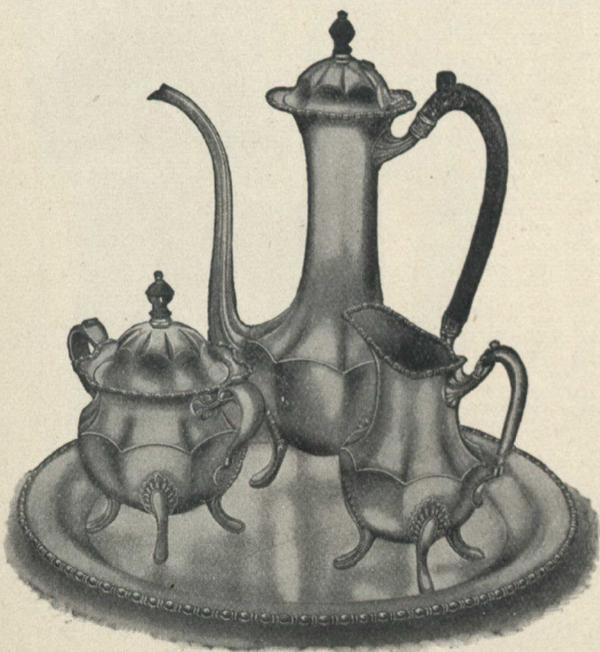
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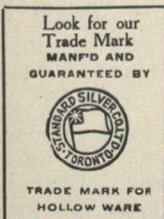
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Buy the Famous VICTOR BOOTS TO-DAY AT THE OLD PRICE **\$3.50**
After Monday, May 27th, the New Price will be \$4.00

This change of price has been necessitated by the increased cost of leather and manufacture.

New lasts have been introduced and the shoe itself improved in many ways. The popularity of the Victor will be greater at \$4.00 than it was at \$3.50. It was a \$5.00 boot for \$3.50 before, it is a \$6.00 boot for \$4.00 now.

Up till May 27th, however, the old price \$3.50 holds good.

ALL STYLES MADE IN C, D AND E WIDTHS, AND MOST STYLES IN ALL SIZES 5 TO 11.



- VICTOR A.* Fine black King box calf (as cut), Balmoral style, medium round toe, single Goodyear welted solid oak-tanned sole. Special Victor Price..... **\$3.50**
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- VICTOR Y.* (As cut), kid vamps, dull calf tops, heavy oak-tanned soles, very comfortable. Special Victor Price..... **\$3.50**
- VICTOR K.* (As cut), Balmoral style, finest patent colt, kid uppers, straight last, without the extreme outside swing to sole. Special Victor Price..... **\$3.50**
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- VICTOR C.* Patent colt leather, dull calf top, medium point toe, single Goodyear oak-tanned sole, a dress boot, similar to style J. Special Victor Price..... **\$3.50**
- VICTOR B.* Vici kid vamps, dull calf tops, rounding toe, heavy sole, Balmoral style, similar to Y style. Special Victor Price..... **\$3.50**
- VICTOR G.* Patent colt, dull mat tops on straight last, without extreme outside swing to sole, dress boot, Balmoral style. Special Victor Price..... **\$3.50**
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